

# AURENG-ZEBE,

To the Right Honourable

A

JOHN Earl of MORTMORAY,

TRAGEDY.

My LORD,

Acted at the

ROYAL THEATRE.

Written by

JOHN DRYDEN,

Servant to His MAJESTY.

*Sed cum fregit subfellia versu,*

*Esurit, intactam Paridi nisi vendas Agaven.* Juv.

Licensed, ROGER L'ESTARANGE.

LONDON,

Printed for Henry Herringman; and Sold by R. Bentley,  
J. Tonson, F. Saunders, and T. Bennet. 1694.

AURENG-ZEBE,

A

TRAGEDY.

Acted at the

ROYAL THEATRE

Written by

JOHN DRYDEN,

Servant to His MAJESTY.

Esprit, intègre, Paroli nist, voutat Agacat. Juv.  
Sed cum fregit infellia verba.

Revised, ROGER LESTRANGE.

LONDON,

Printed for Henry Herringman; and Sold by A. Bentley,  
J. Tonson, F. Saunders, and T. Bowne. 1697.



The Epistle Dedicatory  
To the Right Honourable

JOHN Earl of MORTMERE,  
Gentleman of his Majesties Bed-Chamber, and  
Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter.

MR LORD,

**T**HE severe Reflection which Montaigne has made on  
Refinements, that we ought not in reason to have any ex-  
pectations of Favour from them; and that his kindness  
enough, if they leave us in possession of our own. The boldness of  
the Sentence shows the free Spirit of the Author. And the Subjects  
of England may justly congratulate to themselves, that both the  
Nature of our Government, and the Clemency of our King, secure  
us from any such complaint. I in particular, who subsist wholly by  
his Bounty, am oblig'd to give Posterity a far other account of my  
Royal Master, than what Montaigne has left of his. Those Accusa-  
tions had been more reasonable, if they had been plac'd on inferior  
Persons. For in all Courts there are too many who make it  
their business to ruin us: And Montaigne, in other places, tells  
us, what effects he found of their good Natures. He describes them  
such, whose Ambition, Lust, or private Interest, seem to be the only  
end of their Creation. If Good accrues to any from them, 'tis only  
in order to own their designs; conferr'd most commonly on the base  
and infamous; and never given, but only hapning sometimes on  
well-deservers. Dulness has brought them to what they are; and  
Malice secures them in their Fortunes. But somewhat of specious  
they must have, to recommend themselves to Princes. (For Folly  
will not easily go down in its own natural Form, with discerning  
Judges.) And diligence in making is their gilding of the Pill, for  
that looks like Love, though 'tis only Interest. For that which gains  
'em their advantage, over many Men, whose Love of Liberty and  
Easiness makes them willing too often to discharge their burden of  
Attendance on those officious Gentlemen. 'Tis true, that the  
suspense of such company is enough to disgust a reasonable Man.  
When he sees he can hardly approach Greatness, but as a Matted  
Cattle, he must first pass through the Mud and Filth, with which

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

it is encompass'd. These are they, who, wanting Wit, affect Gravity, and go by the name of *Solid Men*; and a *Solid Man* in plain English, a *Solid, Solemn Fool*. Another Disguise they have, (for Fools, as well as Knaves, take other Names, and pass by an Alias) and that is the Title of honest Fellows. But this honesty of theirs ought to have many Grains for its allowance; for certainly they are no farther honest than they are silly: They are naturally mischievous to their power; and if they speak not maliciously, or sharply, of witty Men, 'tis only because God has not bestow'd on them the Gift of Utterance. They fawn and cringe to Men of parts, whom they cannot raine: quote their Wit when they are present, and when they are absent steal their Jest. But to those who are under 'em, and whom they can crush with ease, they shew themselves in their natural Antipathy; there they rear Wit like the common Enemy, and give it no more Quarter, than a Dutch-man would to an English Vessel in the Indies, they strike Sails where they know they shall be master'd, and Murder where they can with safety.

This, my Lord, is the Character of a Courtier without Wit; and therefore that which is a Satyr to other Men, must be a Panegyrick to your Lordship, who are a Master of it. If the least of these Reflexions could have reach'd your Person, no necessity of mine could have made me to have sought so earnestly, and so long to have cultivated your kindness. As a Poet, I cannot but have made some Observations on Mankind. The Janness of my Fortune has not yet brought me to flatter Vice; and 'tis my Duty to give Testimony to Virtue. 'Tis true, your Lordship is not of that Nature, which either seeks a Commendation, or wants it. Your Mind has always been above the wretched affectation of Popularity. A popular Man is, to Truth, no better than a Prostitute to common Fame, and to the People. He lies down to every one he meets, for the hire of Praise; and his Humility is only a disguis'd Ambition. Even Cicero himself, whose Eloquence deserv'd the admiration of Mankind; yet by his insatiable thirst of Fame, he has less'n'd his Character with succeeding Ages. His Action against Catiline may be said to have ruin'd the Consul, when it sav'd the City: for it so swell'd his Soul, which was not truly Great, that ever afterwards it was apt to be over-set with vanity. And this made his Virtue so suspected by his Friends, that Brutus, whom of all Men he ador'd, refus'd him a place in his Conspiracy.

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

racy. A Modern Wit has made this Observation on him, That coveting to recommend himself to Posterity, he begg'd it, as an Alms of all his Friends, the Historians, to remember his Consulship: And observe, if you please, the oddness of the event; all their Histories are lost, and the vanity of his Request stands yet recorded in his own Writings. How much more great and manly in your Lordship, is your contempt of popular applause, and your retir'd Virtue, which shines only to a few; with whom you live so easily and freely, that you make it evident, you have a Soul which is capable of all the tenderness of Friendship; and that you only retire your self from those, who are not capable of returning it. Your kindness, where you have once plac'd it, is inviolable: And 'tis to that only I attribute my Happiness in your Love. This makes me more easily forsake an Argument, on which I could otherwise delight to dwell: I mean, your Judgment in your choice of Friends; because I have the honour to be one. After which, I am sure you will more easily permit me to be silent, in the case you have taken of my Fortune; which you have rescu'd, not only from the power of others, but from my worst of Enemies, my own Modesty and Laziness: Which Favour, had it been employ'd on a more deserving Subject, had been an effect of Justice in your Nature; but, as plac'd on me is only Charity. Yet, withal, 'tis conferr'd on such a Man, as prefers your kindness it self, before any of its Consequences; and who values, as the greatest of your Favours, those of your Love, and of your Conversation. From this constancy to your Friends, I might reasonably assume, that your Resentments would be as strong and lasting, if they were not restrain'd by a nobler Principle of good Nature and Generosity. For certainly 'tis the same composition of Mind, the same Resolution and Courage, which makes the greatest Friendships, and the greatest Enmities. And he who is too lightly reconcil'd, after high Provocations, may recommend himself to the World for a Christian, but I should hardly trust him for a Friend. The Italians have a Proverb to that purpose, To forgive the first time, shews me a good Catholick, the Second time a Fool. To this firmness in all your Actions (though you are wanting in no other Ornaments of Mind and Body, yet to this) I principally ascribe the Interest your Merits have acquir'd you in the Royal Family. A Prince, who is constant to himself, and steady in all his undertakings; one with whom that Character of Horace will agree.

Sir

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

Si fractus illabatur orbis,  
Impavidum serient ruinae.

*Such an one cannot but place an esteem, and repose a confidence in him, whom no Adversity, no change of Courts, no Bribery of Interests, or Cabals of Factions, or Advantages of Fortune, can remove from the solid foundations of Honour and Fidelity.*

Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores  
Abstulit; ille habeat secum, servetque sepulcro.

*How well your Lordship will deserve that praise, I need no inspiration to foretell. You have already left no room for Prophecy: your early undertakings have been such, in the service of your King and Country, when you offer'd your self to the most dangerous employment, that of the Sea; when you chose to abandon those Delights, to which your Youth and Fortune did invite you, to undergo the hazards, and, which was worse, the company of common Seamen, that you have made it evident, you will refuse no opportunity of rendering your self useful to the Nation, when either your Courage or Conduct shall be Requir'd. The same Zeal and Faithfulness continues in your Blood, which animated one of your Noble Ancestors to Sacrifice his Life in the Quarrel of his Sovereign: though, I hope both for your sake and for the publick Tranquillity the same occasion will never be offer'd to your Lordship, and that a better Destiny will attend you. But I make haste to consider you as abstracted from a Court, which (if you will give me leave to use a term of Logick) is only an Adjunct, not a propriety of Happiness. The Academics, I confess, were willing to admit the Goods of Fortune into their Notion of Felicity; but I do not remember, that any of the Sects of old Philosophers did ever leave a room for Greatness. Neither am I form'd to praise a Court, who admire and covet nothing, but the easiness and quiet of retirement. I naturally withdraw my Sight from a Precipice; and admit the Prospect be never so large and goodly, can take no Pleasure, even in looking on the downfal, though I am secure from the danger. Methinks there's something of a malignant Joy in that excellent Description of Lucretius.*

Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis

E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem;

Non quia vexari quæquam est jucunda voluptas,

Sed quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est

I am



## The Epistle Dedicatory.

4

I am sure his Master Epicurus, and my better Master Cowley, prefer'd the solitude of a Garden, and the conversation of a Friend to any consideration, so much as a regard, of those unhappy People, whom in our own wrong, we call the Great. True Greatness, if it be any, where on Earth, is in a private Virtue; remov'd from the Notion of Pomp and Vanity, confin'd to a contemplation of it self, and centring on it self.

Omnis enim per se Divum natura, necesse est

Immortali ævo summa cum pace fruatur;

Curâ semota, metuque

Ipsa suis pollens opibus

If this be not the Life of a Deity, because it cannot consist with Providence, 'tis at least a God-like Life: I can be contented, (and I am sure I have your Lordship of my Opinion) with an humbler Station in the Temple of Virtue, than to be set on the pinnacle of it.

Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre

Errare, atque viam palantis querere vite.

The Truth is, the consideration of so vain a Creature as Man, is not worth our pains. I have look'd enough at home without looking for it abroad: and am a sufficient Theatre to my self of ridiculous Actions, without expecting company, either in a Court, a Town, or Play-house. 'Tis on this account that I am weary with drawing the deformities of Life, and Lazzars of the People, where every Figure of imperfection more resembles me than it can do others. If I must be condemn'd to Rhime, I should find some ease in my change of punishment. I desire to be no longer the Sisyphus of the Stage; to row up a Stone with endless labour (which to follow the Proverb, Gathers no Moss) and which is perpetually falling down again. I never thought my self very fit for an Employment, where many of my Predecessors have excell'd me in all kinds, and some of my Contemporaries, even in my own partial Judgment, have out-done me in Comedy. Some little hopes I have yet remaining, and these too, considering my Abilities, may be vain, that I may make the World some part of amends, for many ill Plays, by an Heroique Poem. Your Lordship has been long acquainted with my Design: the subject of which you know is great, the Story English, and neither too far distant from the present Age, nor too near approaching it. Such it is my Opinion, that I could not have wish'd a nobler

occasion

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

occasion to do honour by it to my King and Country, and my Friends; most of our antient Nobility being concern'd in the Action. And your Lordship has one particular Reason to promote this undertaking, because you were the first who gave me the opportunity of discoursing it to His Majesty, and his Royal Highness: They were then pleas'd both to commend the Design, and to encourage it by their Commands. But the unseasonableness of my condition has hitherto put a stop to my Thoughts concerning it. As I am no successor to Homer in his War, so neither do I desire to be in his Poverty. I can make no Rhapsodies, nor go a begging at the Græcian doors, while I sing the praises of their Ancestors. The times of Virgil please me better, because he had an Augustus for his Patron. And to draw the Allegory nearer you, I am sure I shall not want a Mæcenas with him. 'Tis for your Lordship to stir up that remembrance in His Majesty, which his many avocations of business have caus'd him, I fear, to lay aside. And, (as himself and his Royal Brother are the Heroes of the Poem) to represent to them the Images of their Warlike Predecessors; as Achilles is said to be rous'd to Glory, with the sight of the Combat before the Ships. For my own part, I am satisfy'd to have offer'd the Design, and it may be to the advantage of my Reputation to have it refus'd me.

In the mean time, my Lord, I take the confidence to present you with a Tragedy; the Characters of which are the nearest to those of an Heroick Poem. 'Twas Dedicated to you in my Heart, before 'twas presented on the Stage. Some things in it have pass'd your approbation, and many your amendment. You were likewise pleas'd to recommend it to the King's perusal, before the last hand was added to it, when I receiv'd the Favour from him, to have the most considerable event of it modell'd by his Royal Pleasure. It may be some vanity in me to add his Testimony then, and which he graciously confirm'd afterwards, that it was the best of all my Tragedies; in which he has made Authentick my private Opinion of it: at least, he has given it a value by his commendation, which it had not by my Writing.

That which was not pleasing to some of the fair Ladies in the last Act of it, as I dare not vindicate, so neither can I wholly condemn, till I find more reason for their Censures. The procedure of Indamora and Melesinda, seems yet, in my Judgment, natural, and not unbecoming of their Characters. If they who arraign them fail not

more

## The Epistle Dedictory.

more, the World will never blame their Conduct : And I shall be glad for the honour of my Country, to find better Images of Virtue drawn to the Life in their behaviour, than any I could feign to adorn the Theatre. I confess, I have only represented a practicable Virtue, mix'd with the frailties and imperfections of Human Life. I have made my Heroine fearful of death, which neither Cassandra nor Cleopatra would have been ; and they themselves , I doubt it not, would have out-done Romance in that particular. Tet their Mandana (and the Cyrus was written by a Lady) was not altogether so hard hearted : for she sat down on the cold ground by the King of Assyria, and not only pity'd him, who dy'd in her defence ; but allow'd him some favours, such, perhaps, as they would think, should only be permitted to her Cyrus. I have made my Melesinda, in opposition to Nourmahal, a Woman passionately loving of her Husband, patient of injuries and contempt, and constant in her kindness to the last, and in that, perhaps, I may have err'd, because it is not a Virtue much in use. Those Indian Wives are loving Fools, and may do well to keep themselves in their own Country, or, at least, to keep company with the Arria's and Portia's of old Rome : Some of our Ladies know better things. But, it may be, I am partial to my own Writings : yet I have labour'd as much as any Man, to divest my self of the self-opinion of an Author, and am too well satisfy'd of my own weakness, to be pleas'd with any thing I have written ; But on the other side, my reason tells me, that, in probability, what I have seriously and long consider'd, may be as likely to be just and natural, as what an ordinary Judge (if there be any such amongst those Ladies) will think fit, in a transient Presentation, to be plac'd in the room of that which they condemn. The most judicious Writer is sometimes mistaken, after all his care : but the hasty Critick who judges on a view, is full as liable to be deceiv'd. Let him first consider all the Arguments, which the Author had, to write this, or to design the other, before he arraigns him of a fault : and then, perhaps, on second thoughts, he will find his Reason oblige him to revoke his Censure. yet, after all, I will not be too positive. Homo sum, humani a me nihil alienum puto. As I am a Man, I must be changeable : and sometimes the gravest of us all are so, even upon ridiculous accidents. Our Minds are perpetually wrought on by the temperament of our Bodies : which makes me suspect, they are nearer Ally'd, than either our Philosophers or School Divines will allow

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

them to be. I have observ'd, says Montaign, that when the Body is out of Order, its Companion is seldom at his ease. An ill Dream, or a Cloudy Day, has power to change this wretched Creature, who is so proud of a reasonable Soul, and make him think what he thought not yesterday. And Homer was of this Opinion, as Cicero is pleas'd to Translate him for us :

Tales sunt hominum mentes quali pater ipse  
Jupiter, auctiferâ lustravit lampade terras.

Or as the same Author in his *Thusculine Questions*, speaks with more Modesty than usual of himself : Nos in diem vivimus; quod cunque animos nostros probabilitate percussit, id dicimus. 'Tis not therefore impossible, but that I may alter the conclusion of my Play, to restore my self into the good Graces of my fair Criticks. And your Lordship, who is so well with them, may do me the Office of a Friend and Patron, to intercede with them on my promise of amendment. The impotent Lover in Petronius, though his was a very unpardonable crime, yet was receiv'd to Mercy on the terms I offer. Summa excusationis meæ hæc est : placebo tibi, si culpam emendare permiseris.

But I am conscious to my self of offering at a greater boldness in presenting to your view what my meanness can produce, than in any other error of my Play. And therefore make haste to break off this tedious Address, which has, I know not how, already run it self into so much of Pedantry, with an excuse of Tully's, which he sent with his Books De Finibus, to his Friend Brutus, De ipsiis rebus autem, sæpenumero Brute vereor ne reprehendar, cum hæc ad te scribam, qui tum in Poesi. ( I change it from Philosophiâ ) tum in optimo genere Poeseos tantum processeris. Quod si facerem quasi te erudiens, jure reprehenderer. Sed ab eo plurimum absum : nec, ut ea cognoscas quæ tibi notissima sunt ad te mitto : Sed quia facillimè in nomine tuo acquiesco, & quia te habeo æquissimum eorum studiorum, quæ mihi communia tecum sunt, æstimatorem & judicem. Which you may please, my Lord, to apply to your self, from him, who is,

Your Lordships most Obedient Humble Servant,

D R I D E N.

Pro-



# P R O L O G U E:

**O**UR Author by experience finds it true,  
 'Tis much more hard to please himself, than you:  
 And out of no feign'd Modesty, this day,  
 Damns his laborious Trifle of a Play:  
 Not that its worse than what before he writ,  
 But he has now another taste of Wit;  
 And to confess a Truth, ( though out of-time )  
 Grows weary of his long-lov'd Mistress, Rhyme.  
 Passion's too fierce to be in Fetters bound,  
 And Nature flies him like Enchanted Ground.  
 What Verse can do, he has perform'd in this,  
 Which he presumes the most correct of his.  
 But spite of all his Pride a secret Shame,  
 Invades his Breast at *Shakepear's* Sacred Name:  
 Aw'd when he hears his God-like *Romans* Rage.  
 He, in a just despair, would quit the Stage.  
 And to an Age less polish'd, more unskill'd,  
 Does, with disdain the foremost Honours yield,  
 As with the greater Dead he dares not strive,  
 He would not match his Verse with those who live:  
 Let him retire, betwixt two Ages cast,  
 The First of this, and hindmost of the Last.  
 A losing Gamester, let him sneak away;  
 He bears no ready Money from the Play.  
 The Fate which, Governs Poets, thought it fit,  
 He should not raise his Fortunes by his Wit.  
 The Clergy thrive, and the litigious Bar;  
 Dull Heroes fatten with the spoils of War;  
 All Southern Vices, Heav'n be prais'd, are here;  
 But Wit's a Luxury you think too dear.  
 When you to cultivate the Plant are loth,  
 'Tis a shrewd sign 'twas never of your growth:  
 And Wit in Northern Climates will not blow,  
 Except, like *Orange-trees*, 'tis hous'd from Snow.  
 There needs no care to put a Play-house down,  
 'Tis the most desert place of all the Town.  
 We and our Neighbors, to speak proudly, are  
 Like Monarchs, ruin'd with expensive War.  
 While, like wise *English*, unconcern'd, you sit,  
 And see us play the Tragedy of Wit.

B 2

Per-

## Persons Represented

<p><b>T</b>HE Old Emperor.  <i>Aurenge-Zebe</i> his Son.  <i>Morat</i>, his younger Son.  <i>Arimam</i>, Governor of <i>Agra</i>.  <i>Dianet</i>.  <i>Solyman</i>.  <i>Mir Baba</i>.  <i>Abas</i>.  <i>Asaph Chan</i>.  <i>Fazel Chan</i>.  <i>Nourmahal</i>, the Empress.  <i>Indamora</i>, a Captive Queen.  <i>Melesinda</i>, Wife to <i>Morat</i>.  <i>Zeyda</i>, Favorite Slave to the Empress.</p>	<p><i>Mr. Mohun</i>.  <i>Mr. Hart</i>.  <i>Mr. Rynaston</i>.  <i>Mr. Winterthal</i>.  <i>Indian Lords</i>, or  <i>Omrah</i>s of several  <i>Factions</i>.  <i>Mrs. Marshal</i>.  <i>Mrs. Cox</i>.  <i>Mrs. Corbet</i>.  <i>Mrs. Uphill</i>.</p>
--	---

**SCENE** *Agra*, in the Year 1660.

**AURENGE**

( 1 )

# AUR ENG-ZEBE,

A

## TRAGEDY.

### ACT I.

*Arimant, Asaph Chan, Fazel Chan.*

*Arim.*

**H**Eav'n seems the Empire of the East to lay  
On the success of this important Day :  
Their Arms are to the last decision bent,  
And Fortune labours with the vast event :

She now has in her hand the greatest stake,  
Which for contending Monarchs she can make.  
Whate'r can urge ambitious Youth to Fight,  
She pompously displays before their sight :  
Laws, Empire, all permitted to the Sword,  
And Fate could ne'er an ample Scene afford.

*Asaph.* Four several Armies to the Field are led,  
Which, high in equal Hopes, four Princes Head :  
*Indus* and *Ganges*, our wide Empires Bounds,  
Swell'd their dy'd Currents with their Natives wounds :  
Each purple River winding, as he runs,  
His bloody Arms about his slaughter'd Sons.

*Fazel.* I well remember you foretold the Storm,  
When first the Brothers did their Factions form :  
When each, by curs'd Cabals of Women, strove  
To draw th'indulgent King to partial Love.

*Arim.* What Heav'n decrees, no Prudence can prevent.  
To cure their mad Ambition, they were sent  
To Rule a distant Province each alone.  
What could a careful Father more have done ?  
He made provision against all, but Fate ;  
While, by his Health, we held our Peace of State ;  
The weight of Seventy Winters prest him down,  
He bent beneath the burthen of a Crown :

*Sickness,*

Sickness, at last, did his spent Body seize,  
 And Life almost sunk under the Disease:  
 Mortal 'twas thought, at least by them desir'd,  
 Who, impiously, into his years enquir'd:  
 As at a Signal, straight the Sons prepare  
 For open Force, and rush to sudden War:  
 Meeting, like Winds broke loose upon the Main,  
 To prove, by Arms, whose Fate it was to Reign.

*Asaph.* Rebels and Parricides!

*Arim.* Brand not their Actions with so foul a name:  
 Pity, at least, what we are forc'd to blame,  
 When Death's cold hand has clos'd the Father's Eye,  
 You know the younger Sons are doom'd to die.  
 Less Ills are chosen greater to avoid,  
 And Nature's Laws are by the States destroy'd.  
 What Courage tamely could to Death consent,  
 And not, by striking first, the blow prevent?  
 Who falls in Fight, cannot himself accuse,  
 And he dies greatly, who a Crown pursues.

*To them,* Solymán Agah.

*Solym.* A new Express all *Agra* does affright:  
*Darab* and *Aurence-Zebe* are joyn'd in Fight,  
 The press of People thickens to the Court,  
 Th'impatient crowd devouring the report.

*Arim.* Teach changing news they chang'd affections bring,  
 And servilely from Fate expect a King.

*Solym.* The Ministers of State, who gave us Law,  
 In corners, with selected Friends, withdraw:  
 There, in deaf murmurs, solemnly are wise;  
 Whisp'ring like Winds, ere Hurricanes arise.  
 The most corrupt are most obsequious grown,  
 And those they scorn'd, officiously they own.

*Asaph.* In change of Government,  
 The Rabble rule their great Oppressors fate:  
 Do Sovereign Justice, and revenge the State.

*Solym.* The little Courtiers, who ne'r come to know  
 The depth of Factions, as in Mazes go,  
 Where Int'rests meet and cross so oft, that they  
 With too much care are wilder'd in their way.

*Arim.* What of the Emperor?

*Solym.* Unmov'd, and brave, he like himself appears,  
 And, meriting no ill, no danger fears:  
 Yet mourns his former vigour lost so far,  
 To make him now spectator of a War:  
 Repining that he must preserve his Crown  
 By any help or courage but his own:



Wishes each minute, he could unbegot  
Those Rebel-Sons, who dare t'usurp his Seat :  
To sway his Empire with unequal skill,  
And mount a Throne, which none but he can fill.

*Arim.* Oh ! had he still that Character maintain'd,  
Of Valour, which in blooming Youth he gain'd,  
He promis'd in his East a Glorious Race ;  
Now sunk from his Meridian, sets apace ;  
But as the Sun, when he from Noon declines,  
And with abated heat, less fiercely shines,  
Seems to grow milder as he goes away,  
Pleasing himself with the remains of Day :  
So he who, in his Youth, for Glory strove,  
Would recompence his Age with Ease and Love.

*Asaph.* The name of Father hateful to him grows,  
Which, for one Son, produces him three Foes.

*Fazel.* *Darab*, the Eldest bears a generous Mind ;  
But to implacable Revenge inclin'd.  
Too openly does Love and Hatred show :  
A bounteous Master, but a deadly Foe.

*Solym.* From *Sujab's* Valour I should much expect,  
But he's a *Bigot* of the *Persian* Sect :  
And, by a Foreign Int'rest seeks to Reign,  
Hopeless by Love the Scepter to obtain.

*Asaph.* *Morat's* too insolent, too much a Brave,  
His Courage to his Envy is a Slave.  
What he attempts, if his endeavours fail  
T'affect, he is resolv'd no other shall.

*Arim.* But *Aurence-Zebe*, by no strong passion sway'd,  
Except his Love, more temp'rate is, and weigh'd :  
This *Atlas* must our sinking State uphold ;  
In Council cool, but in performance bold :  
He sums their Virtues in himself alone,  
And adds the greatest, of a Loyal Son :  
His Father's Cause upon his Sword he wears,  
And with his Arms, we hope, his Fortune bears.

*Solym.* Two vast Rewards may well his Courage move,  
A Parent's Blessing, and a Mistress Love.  
If he succeed, his recompence, we hear,  
Must be the Captive Queen of *Cassimere*.

*To them, Abas.*

*Abas.* Mischiefs on mischiefs, greater still, and more :  
The neighb'ring Plain with Arms is cover'd o'er :  
The Vale an Iron Harvest seems to yield  
Of thick sprung Lances in a waving Field.  
The polish'd Steel gleams terribly from far,  
And every moment nearer shows the War.

The

The Horses Neighing by the Wind is blown.  
And Castl'd Elephants o'er-look the Town.

*Arim.* If, as I fear, *Morat* these pow'rs Commands,  
Our Empire on the brink of Ruine stands:  
Th' ambitious Empreſs with her Son is joyn'd,  
And, in his Brother's abſence has deſign'd  
The unprovided Town to take with eaſe,  
And then, the Perſon of the King to ſeize!

*Solym.* To all his former Iſſue ſhe has ſhown  
Long Hate, and labour'd to advance her own.

*Abas.* Theſe Troops are his,  
*Surat* he took; and thence, preventing Fame,  
By quick and painful Marches hither came.  
Since his approach, he to his Mother ſent,  
And two long hours in cloſe debate were ſpent.

*Arim.* I'll to my Charge, the Cittadel repair,  
And ſhew my Duty by my timely Care.

To them ſhe Emperor with a Letter in his hand: after him,  
an Ambaſſador, with a Train following.

*Aſaph.* But ſee, the Emperor! a fiery Red,  
His Brows and glowing Temples does o'er-ſpread,  
*Morat* has ſome diſpleaſing Meſſage ſent.

*Amb.* Do not, Great Sir, miſconſtrue his intent:  
Not call Rebellion what was prudent Care,  
To guard himſelf by neceſſary War:  
While he believ'd you living, he obey'd:  
His Governments but as your Vice-Roy ſway'd:  
But, when he thought you gone,

T'augment the number of the Bleſſ'd above.  
He deem'd 'em Legacies of Royal Love:  
Nor arm'd his Brothers Portions to invade,  
But to defend the Preſent you had made.

*Emp.* By frequent Meſſages, and ſtrict Commands,  
He knew my pleaſure to diſcharge his Bands:  
Proof of my Life my Royal Signet made;  
Yet ſtill he arm'd, came on, and diſobey'd.

*Amb.* He thought the Mandat forg'd, your death con-  
And but delay'd, till Truth ſhould be reveal'd;

*Emp.* News of my death from Rumor he receiv'd;  
And what he wiſh'd, he eaſily believ'd:  
But long demurr'd, though from my hand he knew  
I liv'd, ſo loth he was to think it true.  
Since he pleads Ignorance to that Command,  
Now let him ſhew his Duty, and diſband.

*Amb.* His Honour, Sir, will ſuffer in the Cauſe,  
He yields his Arms unjuſt if he withdraws:

And

And begs his Loyalty may be Declar'd,  
By owning those he leads to be your Guard.

*Emp.* I, in my self, have all the Guard I need;  
Bid the presumptuous Boy draw off with speed:  
If his audacious Troops one hour remain,  
My Cannon from the Fort shall scour the Plain.

*Amb.* Since you deny him entrance, he demands  
His Wife, whom cruelly you hold in bands:  
Her, if unjustly you from him detain,  
He justly will by force of Arms regain.

*Emp.* O'r him, and his, a right from Heaven I have:  
Subject, and Son, he's doubly born my Slave.  
But whatfoe'r his own demerits are,  
Tell him, I shall not make on Women War,  
And yet I'll do her Innocence the Grace,  
To keep her here, as in the safer place.  
But, thou, who dar'st this bold defiance bring,  
May'st feel the rage of an offended King.  
Hence from my Sight, without the least reply:  
One word, nay, one look more, and thou shalt dye.

*Exit Ambassador.*

*Re-enter Aurangzeb.*

*Arim.* May Heav'n, great Monarch, still augment your bliss  
With length of days, and every day like this.  
For, from the Banks of *Gemna* news is brought,  
Your Army has a bloody Battel fought:  
*Darab* from Loyal *Aureng-Zebe* is fled;  
And Forty thousand of his Men lie dead.  
To *Sujab* next your conqu'ring Army drew,  
Him they surpriz'd, and easily o'rthrew.

*Emp.* 'Tis well.

*Arim.* But well! What more could at your wish be done,  
Than two such Conquests gain'd by such a Son?  
Your Pardon, Mighty Sir;  
You seem not high enough your Joys to Rate;  
You stand indebted a vast Sum to Fate,  
And should large Thanks for the great Blessing pay.

*Emp.* My Fortune owes me greater every day.  
And, should my Joy more high for this appear,  
It would have argu'd me before of fear.  
How is Heav'n kind, where I have nothing won,  
And Fortune only pays me with my own?

*Arim.* Great *Aureng-Zebe* did dutious Care express:  
And durst not push too far his good success.  
But lest *Morat* the City should attack,  
Commanded his victorious Army back.

Which, left to march as swiftly as they may,  
Himself comes first, and will be here this day.  
Before a close form'd Siege shut up his way.

*Emp.* Prevent his purpose, hence, hence with all thy speed;  
Stop him; his entrance to the Town for bid.

*Arim.* How, Sir, your Loyal, your Victorious Son?

*Emp.* Him would I, more than all the Rebels, shun:

*Arim.* Whom with your pow'r and fortune, Sir, you trust;  
Now to suspect is vain, as 'tis unjust.

He comes not with a Train to move your fear,

But trusts himself to be a Pris'ner here.

You knew him brave, you know him faithful now:

He aims at Fame, but Fame from serving you.

'Tis said, Ambition in his Breast does rage:

Who would not be the Hero of an Age?

All grant him prudent: Prudence Interest weighs,

And Interest bids him seek your Love and Praise.

I know you grateful; when he march'd from hence,

You bad him hope an ample recompence:

He conquer'd in that Hope; and from your hands,

His Love, the precious pledge he left, demands.

*Emp.* No more; you search too deep my wounded Mind:

And shew me what I fear, and would not find.

My Son has all the Debts of Duty paid:

Our Prophet sends him to my present aid.

Such Virtue to distrust were base and low:

I'm not ungrateful — or I was not so!

Inquire no farther, stop his coming on:

I will not, cannot, dare not see my Son.

*Arim.* 'Tis now too late his entrance to prevent:

Nor must I to your Ruine give consent.

At once your Peoples Heart and Son's you lose:

And give him all, when you just things refuse.

*Emp.* Thou lov'st me sure; thy Faith has oft been try'd

In ten pitch'd Fields, not shrinking from my side;

Yet giv'st me no advice to bring me ease.

*Arim.* Can you be cur'd, and tell not your Disease?

I ask'd you, Sir.

*Emp.* — Thou should'st have ask'd again:

There hangs a secret shame on guilty Men.

Thou should'st have pull'd the Secret from my Breast.

Torn out the bearded Steel to give me Rest:

At least, thou shou'd'st have guess'd —

Yet thou art honest, thou could'st ne'r have guess'd

Hast thou been never base? Did Love ne'r bend

Thy frailier Virtue, to betray thy Friend?



Flatter me, make thy Court, and say, I did  
Kings in a Crowd would have their Vices hid,  
We would be kept in Count'nance, sav'd from shame:  
And own'd by others who commit the same.

Nay, now I have confess'd. —

Thou seest me naked, and without disguise:

I look on *Aureng-Zebe* with Rivals Eyes,

He has abroad my Enemies o'come,

And I have fought to ruin him at home.

*Arim.* This free Confession shows you long did strive:

And Virtue, tho' oppress'd, is still alive.

But what success did your injustice find?

*Emp.* What it deserv'd, and not what I design'd.

Unmov'd she stood, and deaf to all my Prayers,

As Seas and Winds to sinking Mariners.

But Seas grow calm, and Winds are reconcil'd:

Her Tyrant Beauty never grows more mild.

Prayers, Promises, and Threats were all in vain.

*Arim.* Then cure your self by generous Disdain.

*Emp.* Virtue, Disdain, Despair, I oft have try'd,

And foil'd, have with new Arms my Foe defil'd,

This made me with so little joy to hear

The Victory, when I the Victor fear.

*Arim.* Something you swiftly must resolve to do,

Lest *Aureng-Zebe* your secret Love should know.

*Morat* without does for your Ruin wait;

And would you lose the Buckler of your State?

A jealous Empress lies within your Arms,

Too haughty to endure neglected Charms,

Your Son is duteous, but (as Man) he's frail:

And just Revenge o'r Virtue may prevail.

*Emp.* Go then to *Indamora*, stay from me,

Two Lives depend upon her Secresie.

Bid her conceal my Passion from my Son.

Though *Aureng-Zebe* return a Conqueror,

Both he and she are still within my power.

Say, I'm a Father, but a Lover too:

Much to my Son, more to my Self I owe:

When she receives him, to her words give Law:

And even the kindness of her Glances awe.

See, he appears!

[After a short Whisper, *Arimant* departs:

Enter *Aureng-Zebe*, *Dianer*, and *Attendants*, *Aureng-Zebe*

kneels to his Father, and kisses his Hand.

*Aur.* My Vows have been successful as my Sword:

My Prayers are heard, you have your Health restor'd.

Once more 'tis given me to behold your Face;  
The best of Kings and Fathers to embrace;  
Pardon my Tears; 'tis Joy which bids 'em flow,  
A Joy which never was sincere till now.  
That which my Conquest gave, I could not prize;  
Or 'twas imperfect till I saw your Eyes.

*Emp.* Turn the Discourse: I have a reason why  
I would not have you speak so tenderly.  
Knew you what shame your kind Expressions bring,  
You would in pity spare a wretched King.

*Aur.* A King! you rob me, Sir, of half my due:  
You have a dearer Name, a Father too.

*Emp.* I had that Name.

*Aur.* ———— What have I said or done, good Sir,  
That I no longer must be call'd your Son?  
'Tis in that Name, Heaven knows, I Glory more,  
Than that of Prince, or that of Conqueror.

*Emp.* Then you upbraid me; I am pleas'd to see  
You're not so perfect, but can fail, like me.  
I have no God to deal with.

*Aur.* ———— Now I find  
Some lie Court-Devil has seduc'd your Mind:  
Fill'd it with black suspicions, not your own:  
And all my Actions through false Opticks shown.  
I ne'r did Crowns ambitiously regard:  
Honour I sought, the generous Mind's reward.  
Long may you live! while you the Scepter sway  
I shall be still most happy to obey.

*Emp.* Oh, *Aureng-Zeb!* thy Virtues shine too bright  
They flash too fierce: I, like the Bird of Night,  
Shut my dull Eyes, and sicken at the sight.  
Thou hast deserv'd more Love than I can show:  
But 'tis thy Fate to give, and mine to owe.  
Thou seest me much distemper'd in my Mind:  
Pun'd back, and then push'd forward to be kind.  
Virtue, and ——— fain I won'd my silence break:  
But have not yet the confidence to speak,  
Leave me, and to thy needful Rest repair.

*Aur.* Rest is not suiting with a Lover's Care,  
I have not yet my *Indamora* seen. [ *Is going.*

*Emp.* Somewhat I had forgot; come back again:  
So weary of a Father's company.

*Aur.* Sir, you were pleas'd your self to License me.

*Emp.* You made me no relation of the Fight,  
Besides, a Rebels Army is in sight.

Advise me first: yet go——

He goes to *Indamora*; I should take [Aside:  
A kind of envious Joy to keep him back.

Yet to detain him, makes my Love appear :  
I hate his Presence, and his Absence fear. [Exit.

*Aur.* To some new Clime, or to thy Native Sky.  
O friendless and forsaken Virtue fly.

Thy *Indian* Air is deadly to thee grown:  
Deceit and canker'd Malice rule thy Throne.

Why did my Arms in Battel prosp'rous prove,  
To gain the barren praise of Filial Love?

The best of Kings by Women is misled,  
Charm'd by the Witchcraft of a second Bed.

Against my self I Victories have won,  
And by my fatal absence am undone.

*To him Indamora, with Arimant.*

But here she comes!

In the calm Harbor of whose gentle Breast,  
My Tempest-beaten Soul may safely Rest.

Oh, my Heart's Joy! what-e'r my Sorrows be,  
They cease and vanish in beholding thee:

Care shuns thy Walks; as at the cheerful Light,  
The groaning Ghosts, and Birds obscene take flight.

By this one view, all my past pains are paid:  
And all I have to come more easie made.

*Ind.* Such fullen Planets at my Birth did shine,  
They threaten every Fortune mixt with mine.

Flie the pursuit of my disastrous Love,  
And from unhappy Neighborhood removed.

*Aur.* Bid the laborious Hind,  
Whose hardn'd Hands did long in Tillage toil,

Neglect the promis'd Harvest of the Soil.  
Should I, who cultivated Love with Blood,

Refuse possession of approaching good?

*Ind.* Love is an airy good Opinion makes:  
Which he who only thinks he has, partakes.

Seen by a strong Imagination's Beam;  
That tricks and dresses up the gaudy Dream,

Presented so, with Rapture 'tis enjoy'd:  
Rais'd by high Fancy, and by low destroy'd.

*Aur.* If Love be Vision, mine has all the Fire  
Which, in first Dreams, young Prophets does inspire:

I Dream, in you, our promis'd Paradise:  
An Ages tumult of continu'd Bliss.

But you have still your Happiness in doubt:  
Or else 'tis past, and you have dreamt it out.

*Ind.*

*Ind.* Perhaps not so.

*Aur.* ——— Can *Indamora* prove  
So alter'd? Is it but, Perhaps you Love?  
Then farewell all, I thought in you to find  
A Balm, to cure my much distemper'd Mind.  
I came to grieve a Father's Heart estrang'd;  
But little thought to find a Mistress chang'd:  
Nature her self is chang'd to punish me:  
Virtue turn'd Vice, and Faith Inconstancy.

*Ind.* You heard me not Inconstancy confess:  
'Twas but a Friends Advice to love me less,  
Who knows what adverse Fortune may befall?  
Arm well your Mind; hope little, and fear all.  
Hope, with a goodly prospect, feeds your Eye:  
Shows, from a rising Ground, possession nigh  
Shortens the distance, or o'r-looks it quite:  
So easie 'tis to travel with the sight.

*Aur.* Then to despair you would my Love betray,  
By taking Hope, its last kind Friend, away.  
You hold the Glass, but turn the Perspective;  
And farther off the lessen'd Object drive,  
You bid me fear: in that your change I know:  
You would prepare me for the coming blow.  
But, to prevent you, take my last Adieu;  
I'll sadly tell my self, you are untrue,  
Rather than stay to hear it told by you.

*Going.*

*Ind.* Stay, *Aurence-Zebe*, I must not let you go  
And yet believe your self your own worst Foe,  
Think I am true, and seek no more to know.  
Let in my Breast the fatal Secret lye,  
'Tis a sad Riddle, which, if known, we die. *[Seeming to pause.]*

*Aur.* Fair Hypocrite, you seek to cheat in vain;  
Your silence argues you ask time to feign.  
Once more, farewell: the snare in sight is laid,  
'Tis my own fault if I am now betrayed. *[Going again.]*

*Ind.* Yet once more stay; you shall believe me true,  
Though in one Fate I wrap my self and you.  
Your absence ———

*Arim.* ——— Hold; you know the hard Command  
I must obey: you only can withstand  
Your own mishap, I beg you on my Knee,  
Be not unhappy by your own Decree.

*Aur.* Speak, Madam, by (if that be yet an Oath)  
Your Love, I'm pleas'd we should be ruin'd both.  
Both is a sound of Joy.  
In Death's dark Bow'rs our Bridals we will keep:

And

And his cold Hand

Shall draw the Curtain when we go to sleep:

*Ind.* Know then, that Man whom both of us did trust,  
Has been to you unkind, to be unjust.

The Guardian of my Faith so false did prove.

As to sollicite me with Lawless Love:

Pray'd, Promis'd, Threaten'd, all that Man could do,

Base as he's great; and need I tell you who?

*Aur.* Yes; for I'll not believe my Father meant:

Speak quickly, and my impious Thoughts prevent.

*Ind.* You've said; with I could some other name!

*Arim.* My Duty must excuse me, Sir, from blame.  
A Guard there.

*Enter Guards.*

*Aur.* ——— Slave, for me?

*Arim.* ——— My Orders are.

To seize this Princess, whom the Laws of War  
Long since made Prisoner.

*Aur.* ——— Villain!

*Arim.* ——— Sir, I know

Your Birth, nor durst another call me so.

*Aur.* I have redeem'd her; and as mine she's free.

*Arim.* You may have right to give her liberty:

But with your Father, Sir, that right dispute;

For his Commands to me were absolute;

If she disclos'd his Love, to use the right

Of War, and to secure her from your sight.

*Aur.* I'll rescue her, or die.

And you, my Friends, tho' few, are yet too brave

To see your Gen'ral's Mistress made a Slave.

*Ind.* Hold, my dear Love! if so much pow'r there lies,

As once you own'd, in *Indamora's* Eyes,

Lose not the Honour you have early won;

But stand the blameless pattern of a Son.

My Love your claim inviolate secures:

'Tis writ in Fate, I can be only yours.

My sufferings for you make your Heart my due:

Be worthy me, as I am worthy you.

I've thought, and bless'd be you who gave me time:

(*Aur. putting up his Sword.*)

My Virtue was surpriz'd into a Crime:

Strong Virtue, like strong Nature, struggles still:

Exerts it self, and then throws off the ill.

E to a Son's and Lover's praise aspire:

And must fulfil the parts which both require.



How dear the cure of Jealousie has cost!

With too much care and tenderness y'are lost!

So the fond Youth from Hell redeem'd his Prize,

Till looking back, the vanish'd from his Eyes.

[Exeunt severally.]

## ACT II.

*Between the Acts, a Warlike Tune is plaid, shooting off Guns, and shouts of Soldiers are heard, as in an Assault.*

Aurenge-Zebe, Arimant, Asaph, Chawn, Fazel Chawn, Solyman.

**Aur.** **W**hat Man could do, was by Morat perform'd;  
The Fortrefs thrice himself in Person storm'd.  
Your Valour bravely did th' Assault sustain;  
And fill'd the Moats and Ditches with the Slain.  
Till, mad with Rage, into the Breach he fir'd:  
Slew Friends and Foes, and in the Smoak retir'd.

**Arim.** To us you give what praises are not due:  
Morat was thrice repuls'd, but thrice by you.  
High, over all, was your great Conduct shown;  
You fought our safety, put forgot your own.

**Asaph.** Their Standard, planted on the Battlement,  
Despair and Death among the Soldiers sent:  
You, the bold *Omrab* tumbled from the Wall;  
And shouts of Victory pursu'd his Fall.

**Fazel.** To you, alone, we owe this prosperous day:  
Our Wives and Children rescu'd from the prey:  
Know your own Interest, Sir, where e'r you lead,  
We joyntly vow to own no other Head.

**Solym.** Your wrongs are known. Impose but your commands,  
This hour shall bring you Twenty thousand hands.

**Aur.** Let them who truly would appear my Friends,  
Employ their Swords, like mine, for Noble ends.  
No more: remember you have bravely done,  
Shall Treason end, what Loyalty begun?

I own no wrongs, some grievance I confess,  
But Kings, like Gods, at their own time redress.

Yet, some becoming boldness I may use:  
I've well deserv'd nor will he now refuse.  
I'll strike my Fortunes with him at a heat:  
And give him not the leisure to forget.

[*Ex. attended by the Omrabs*]  
**Arim.** Oh! *Indamora*, hide these fatal Eyes:  
Too deep they wound whom they too soon surprize:

My

My Virtue, Prudence, Honour, Interest, all  
 Before this Universal Monarch fall.  
 Beauty, like Ice, our footing does betray;  
 Who can tread sure on the smooth slippery way?  
 Pleas'd with the passage, we slide swiftly on:  
 And see the dangers which we cannot shun.

*Ind.* I hope my Liberty may reach thus far:—  
 These Terras-Walks within my limits are:  
 I came to seek you, and to let you know,  
 How much I to your generous Pity owe.  
 The King, when he design'd you for my Guard,  
 Resolv'd he would not make my Bondage hard:  
 If otherwise, you have deceiv'd his end;  
 And whom he meant a Guardian, made a friend.

*Arim.* A Guardian's Title I must own with shame:  
 But should be prouder of another name.

*Ind.* And therefore 'twas I chang'd that name before:  
 I call'd you Friend, and could you wish for more?

*Arim.* I dare not ask for what you would not grant:  
 But wishes, Madam, are extravagant.

They are not bounded with things possible:  
 I may wish more than I presume to tell:  
 Desire's the vast extent of Humane Mind,  
 It mounts above, and leaves poor Hope behind.  
 I could wish——

*Ind.* What?

*Arim.* Why did you speak? you've dash'd my Fancy quite:  
 Ev'n in th' approaching Minute of Delight,  
 I must take breath—  
 Ere I the Rapture of my wish renew,  
 And tell you then, it terminates in you.

*Ind.* Have you consider'd what th'event would be?  
 Or know you, *Arimant*, your self, or me?  
 Were I no Queen, did you my Beauty weigh,  
 My Youth in Bloom, your Age in its decay?

*Arim.* I my own Judge, condemn'd my self before:  
 For pity aggravate my Crime no more.  
 So weak I am, I with a frown am slain;  
 You need have us'd but halfe so much disdain.

*Ind.* I am not cruel yet to that degree:  
 Have better Thoughts both of your self, and me.  
 Beauty a Monarch is,  
 Which Kingly Power Magnificently proues,  
 By crouds of Slaves, add Peopled Empire loves.  
 And such a Slave as you, what Queen would lose?  
 Above the rest, I *Arimant* would chuse:

For Counsel, Valour, Truth, and Kindness too,  
All I could wish in Man, I find in you.

*Arim.* What Lover could to greater Joy be rais'd?  
I am, methinks, a God by you thus prais'd.

*Ind.* To what may not desert, like yours, pretend?  
You have all Qualities that fit a Friend.

*Arim.* So Mariners mistake the promis'd Coast:  
And, with full Sails, on the blind Rocks are lost.

Think you my aged Veins so faintly beat;  
They rise no higher than to Friendships heat?

So weak your Charms, that, like a Winter's Night,  
Twinkling with Stars, they freeze me while they light?

*Ind.* Mistake me not, good *Arimant*; I know  
My Beauty's pow'r, and what my Charms can do.

You your own Talent have not learn'd so well;  
But practise one, where you can ne'r excell.

You can at most,  
To an indifferent Lovers praise pretend:

But you would spoil an admirable Friend.  
*Arim.* Never was Amity so highly priz'd;

Nor ever any Love so much despis'd.  
Ev'n to my self ridiculous I grow;

And would be angry, if I knew but how.  
*Ind.* Do not. Your Anger, like your Love, is vain:

When e'er I please, you must be pleas'd again.  
Knowing what pow'r I have your Will to bend,

I'll use it; for I need just such a Friend.  
You must perform, not what you think is fit:

But to what-ever I propose, submit.  
*Arim.* Madam, you have a strange Ascendant gain'd;

You use me like a Courser, Spurr'd and Rein'd:  
If I fly out, my fierceness you command,

Then sooth, and gently stroke me with your hand.  
Impose; but use your pow'r of Taxing well:

When Subjects cannot Pay, they soon Rebel.  
*Enter the Emperor, unseen by them.*

*Ind.* My Rebels punishment would easie prove:  
You know y're in my pow'r by making Love.

*Arim.* Would I, without dispute, your Will obey,  
And could you, in return, my Life betray?

*Emp.* What danger, *Arimant*, is this you fear?  
Or what Love secret which I must not hear?

These alter'd Looks some inward Motion show.  
His Cheeks are pale, and yours with blushes glow, [To her.

*Ind.* 'Tis what, with Justice, may my Anger move:  
He has been bold, and talk'd to me of Love.

*Arim.* I am betray'd, and shall be doom'd to die; *[Aside.]*

*Emp.* Did he, my Slave, presume to look so high?  
That crawling Insect, who from Mud began,  
Warm'd by my Beams, and kind'd into Man?  
Durst he, who does but for my pleasure live,  
Intrench on Love, my great Privilege?  
Print his base Image on his Sovereigns Coin?  
'Tis Treason if he stamp his Love with mine.

*Arim.* 'Tis true, I have been bold: but if it be  
A Crime——

*Ind.*——He means, 'tis only so to me.  
You, Sir, should praise, what I must disapprove;  
He insolently talk'd to me of Love:

But, Sir, 'twas yours, he made it in your Name:  
You, if you please, may all he said disclaim.

*Emp.* I must disclaim whate'er he can express:  
His groveling Sense will shew my passion less.  
But stay, if what he said my Message be,  
What Fear, what Danger could arrive from me?  
He said, he fear'd you would his Life betray.

*Ind.* Should he presume again, perhaps I may  
Though in your hands he hazard not his Life;  
Remember, Sir, your Fury of a Wife;  
Who, not content to be reveng'd on you,  
The Agents of your Passion will pursue.

*Emp.* If I but hear her nam'd, I'm sick that day;  
The sound is mortal, and frights Life away.  
Forgive me, *Arimant*, my jealous Thought:  
Distrust in Lovers is the Tender's fault;  
Leave me, and tell thy self in my excuse,  
Love, and a Crown, no Rivalship can bear;  
And precious things are still possess'd with fear.

*[Exit Arimant bowing.]*  
This, Madam, my excuse to you may plead;  
Love should forgive the faults which Love has made.

*Ind.* From me? What pardon can you hope to have,  
Robb'd of my Love, and Treated as a Slave?

*Emp.* Force is the last Relief which Lovers find:  
And 'tis the best excuse of Woman-kind.

*Ind.* Force never yet a generous Heart did gain:  
We yield on parley, but are harm'd in vain.  
Constraint in all things makes the pleasure less;  
Sweet is the Love which comes with willingness.

*Emp.* No; 'tis resistance that inflames desire:  
Sharpen's the Darts of Love, and blows his Fire.



Love is disarm'd that meets with too much ease:

He languishes, and does not care to please.

And therefore 'tis your Golden Fruit you guard  
With so much care, to make possession hard.

*Ind.* Was't not enough you took my Crown away,

But cruelly you must my Love betray?

I was well pleas'd to have transferr'd my Right,

And better chang'd your claim of lawless Might,

By taking him, whom you esteem'd above

Your other Sons, and taught me first to love.

*Emp.* My Son, by my Command his course must steer:

I had him love, I bid him now forbear.

If you have any kindness for him still,

Advise him not to shock a Father's Will.

*Ind.* Must I advise?

Then let me see him, and I'll try to obey.

*Emp.* I had forgot, and dare not trust your way.

But send him word,

He has not here an Army to Command:

Remember he and you are in my hand.

*Ind.* Yes, in a Father's hand, whom he has serv'd,

And, with the hazard of his Life, preserv'd.

But Piety to you, unhappy Prince,

Becomes a Crime, and Duty an Offence:

Against your self, you with your Foes combine,

And seem your own destruction to design.

*Emp.* You may be pleas'd your Politicks to spare:

I'm old enough, and can my self take care.

*Ind.* Advice from me was, I confess, too bold:

Y'are old enough, it may be, Sir, too old.

*Emp.* You please your self with your contempt of Age:

But Love, neglected, will convert to Rage.

If on your Head my Fury does not turn,

Thank that fond Dotage which so much you scorn.

But, in another's Person you may prove,

There's warmth for Vengeance left, though not for Love.

*Re-enter Arimant.*

*Ari.* The Empress has the Anti-chambers past,

And this way moves with a disorder'd haste:

Her Brows, the stormy marks of Anger bear.

*Emp.* Madam, retire: She must not find you here.

[*Exit Indamora with Arimant.*]

*Enter Nourmahal hastily.*

*Nour.* What have I done, that Nourmahal must prove

The Scorn and Triumph of a Rivals Love?

*My*

My Eyes are still the same, each glance, each grace,  
Keep their first Lustre, and maintain their place;  
Not second yet to any other Face.

*Emp.* What Rage transports you? Are you well awake?  
Such Dreams distracted Minds in Feavers make.

*Nour.* Those Feavers you have giv'n, those Dreams have bred,  
By broken Faith, and an abandon'd Bed.  
Such Visions hourly pass before my Sight;  
Which from my Eyes their Balmy slumbers Fright.  
In the severest silence of the Night,  
Visions which in this Cittadel are seen;  
Bright, Glorious Visions of a Rival Queen.

*Emp.* Have patience, my first Flames can ne'r decay:  
These are but Dreams, and soon will pass away.  
Thou know'st, my Heart, my Empire, all is thine:  
In thy own Heav'n of Love Serenely shine:

• Fair as the Face of Nature did appear,  
When Flowers first peep'd, and Trees did Blossoms bear,  
And Winter had not yet deform'd th'inverted Year.  
Calm as the Breath which fans our Eastern Grove,  
And bright as when thy Eyes first lighted up our Loves.  
Let our Eternal Peace be seal'd by this,  
With the first Ardour of a Nuptial Kiss.

[ Offers, 10 kisses here.

*Nour.* Me would you have, me your faint Kisses prove,  
The dregs and droppings of enervate Love?  
Must I your cold long-labouring Age sustain,  
And be to empty Joys provok'd in vain?  
Receive your sighing after other Charms,  
And take an absent Husband in my Arms?

*Emp.* Even these reproaches I can bear from you  
You doubted of my Love, believe it true.  
Nothing but Love this Patience could produce,  
And I allow your Rage that kind excuse.

*Nour.* Call it not Patience, 'tis your Guilt stands mute:  
You have a Cause too foul to bear dispute.  
You wrong me first, and urge my Rage to rise,  
Then I must pass for Mad, you, Meek and Wise,  
Good Man, plead Merit by your soft Replies.  
Vain privilege, poor Women have of Tongue:  
Men can stand silent, and resolve on wrong.

*Emp.* What can I more? my Friendship you refuse,  
And even my Mildness, as my Crime, accuse.

*Nour.* Your sullen silence cheats not me, false Man;  
I know you think the bloudest things you can.  
Could you accuse me, you would raise your Voice:  
Watch for my Crimes, and in my Guilt rejoyce.

But

But my known Virtue is from scandal free,  
And leaves no shadow for your calumny.

*Emp.* Such Virtue is the plague of Human life:

A virtuous Woman, but a curst Wife.

In vain of pompous Chastity y<sup>e</sup>re proud:

Virtue's adultery of the Tongue, when loud,

I, with less pain, a Prostitute could bear,

Than the shrill sound of Virtue, Virtue hear.

In unchaste Wives——

There's yet a kind of recompensing ease:

Vice keeps 'em humble, gives 'em care to please:

But against clamorous Virtue, What defence?

It stops our Mouths, and gives your noise pretence.

*Nour.* Since Virtue does your Indignation raise,

'Tis pity but you had that Wife you praise.

Your own wild Appetites are prone to range;

And then you tax our Humors with your change.

*Emp.* What can be sweeter than our Native home!

Thither for ease, and soft repose, we come

Home is the Sacred refuge of our Life:

Secur'd from all approaches, but a Wife.

If thence we fly, the Cause admits no doubt:

None but an Inmate Foe could force us out.

Clamours, our privacies uneasie make:

Birds leave their Nests disturb'd, and Beasts their haunts for- (sake.

*Nour.* Honour's my Crime that hath your loathing bred;

You take no pleasure in a Virtuous Bed.

*Emp.* What pleasure can there be in that Estate,

Which your unequietness has made we hate?

I shrink far off——

Dissembling Sleep, but wakeful with the fright.

The Day takes off the pleasure of the Night.

*Nour.* My Thoughts no other joys but Pow'r pursue:

Or, if they did, they must be lost in you.

And yet the fault's not mine——

Though Youth and Beauty cannot Warmth command;

The Sun in vain shines on the barren Sand.

*Emp.* 'Tis true, of Marriage bands I'm weary grown.

Love scorns all ties, but those that are his own.

Chains that are dragg'd, must needs uneasie prove:

For there's a God like liberty in Love.

*Nour.* What's Love to you?

The Bloom of Beauty other years demands,

Nor will be gather'd by such wither'd hands:

You impurue it with a false desire,

Which sparkles out, and makes no solid fire.

This impudence of Age, whence can it spring?  
 All you expect, and yet you nothing bring.  
 Eager to ask, when you are past a Grant;  
 Nice in providing what you cannot want.  
 Have Conscience, give not her you love this pain:  
 Solicite not your self, and her, in vain.  
 All other Debts may compensation find:  
 But Love is strict, and will be paid in kind.

*Emp.* Sure of all Ills, Domestick are the worst;  
 When most secure of Blessings, we are curst.  
 When we lay next us what we hold most dear,  
 Like *Hercules*, invenom'd Shirts we wear;  
 And cleaving mischiefs.

*Nour.* — What you merit, have:  
 And share, at least, the miseries you gave.  
 Your days, I will alarm, I'll haunt your Nights:  
 And, worse than Age, disable your Delights.  
 May your sick Fame still languish, till it dye:  
 All Offices of Pow'r neglected lye,  
 And you grow cheap in every Subjects Eye.  
 Then as the greatest Curse that I can give;  
 Unpitied, be depos'd: and after live.

*Emp.* Stay; and now learn,  
 How Criminal soe'r we Husbands are,  
 'Tis not for Wives to push our Crimes too far.  
 Had you still Mistri's of your temper been,  
 I had been modest, and not own'd my Sin.  
 Your Fury ha' den's me, and what e'r wrong  
 You suffer, you've cancell'd by your Tongue.  
 A Guard there; seize her: she shall know this hour,  
 What is a Husband's and a Monarch's Pow'r. } *[Guard seizes her.]*  
*Enter Aureng-Zebe.*

*Nour.* I see for whom your Charter you maintain:  
 I must be fetter'd, and my Son be slain,  
 That *Zelyma's* ambitious Race may Reign.  
 Not so, you promis'd when my Beauty drew  
 All *Asia's* Vows; when *Persia* left for you  
 The Realm of *Candabar* for Dow'r I brought:  
 That long contended Prize for which you fought.

*Aur.* The name of Step-mother, your practis'd Art,  
 By which you have estrang'd my Father's Heart,  
 All you have done against me, or design,  
 Shews your aversion, but begets not mine.  
 Long may my Father *India's* Empire guide:  
 And may no breach your Nuptial Vows divide.

*Emp.* Since Love obliges not, I from this hour,  
 Assume the right of Man's Despotick Pow'r:.



But my known Virtue is from scandal free,  
And leaves no shadow for your calumny.

*Emp.* Such Virtue is the plague of Human life:

A virtuous Woman, but a curst Wife.

In vain of pompous Chastity y<sup>e</sup> are proud:

Virtue's adultery of the Tongue, when loud,

I, with less pain, a Prostitute could bear,

Than the shrill sound of Virtue, Virtue hear.

In unchaste Wives———

There's yet a kind of recompensing ease:

Vice keeps 'em humble, gives 'em care to please:

But against clamorous Virtue, What defence?

It stops our Mouths, and gives your noise pretence.

*Nour.* Since Virtue does your Indignation raise,

'Tis pity but you had that Wife you praise.

Your own wild Appetites are prone to range;

And then you tax our Humors with your change.

*Emp.* What can be sweeter than our Native home!

Thither for ease, and soft repose, we come

Home is the Sacred refuge of our Life:

Secur'd from all approaches, but a Wife.

If thence we fly, the Cause admits no doubt:

None but an Inmate Foe could force us out.

Clamours, our privacies uneasie make:

Birds leave their Nests disturb'd, and Beasts their haunts for-  
(sake.

*Nour.* Honour's my Crime that hath your loathing bred;

You take no pleasure in a Virtuous Bed.

*Emp.* What pleasure can there be in that Estate,

Which your unquietness has made we hate?

I shrink far off———

Dissembling Sleep, but wakeful with the fright.

The Day takes off the pleasure of the Night.

*Nour.* My Thoughts no other Joys but Pow'r pursue:

Or, if they did, they must be lost in you.

And yet the fault's nor mine———

Though Youth and Beauty cannot Warmth command;

The Sun in vain shines on the barren Sand.

*Emp.* 'Tis true, of Marriage bands I'm weary grown.

Love scorns all ties, but those that are his own.

Chains that are dragg'd, must needs uneasie prove:

For there's a God like liberty in Love.

*Nour.* What's Love to you?

The Bloom of Beauty other years demands,

Nor will be gather'd by such wither'd hands:

You importune it with a false desire,

Which sparkles out, and makes no solid fire.

This impudence of Age, whence can it spring?

All you expect, and yet you nothing bring.

Eager to ask, when you are past a Grant;

Nice in providing what you cannot want.

Have Conscience, give not her you love this pain:

Sollicite not your self, and her, in vain.

All other Debts may compensation find:

But Love is strict, and will be paid in kind.

*Emp.* Sure of all Ills, Domestick are the worst;

When most secure of Blessings, we are curst.

When we lay next us what we hold most dear,

Like *Hercules*, invenom'd Shirts we wear;

And cleaving mischiefs.

*Nour.* — What you merit, have:

And share, at least, the miseries you gave.

Your days, I will allarm, I'll haunt your Nights:

And, worse than Age, disable your Delights.

May your sick Fame still languish, till it dye:

All Offices of Pow'r neglected lye,

And you grow cheap in every Subjects Eye.

Then as the greatest Curse that I can give;

Unpity'd, be depos'd: and after live.

[*Going off.*]

*Emp.* Stay; and now learn,

How Criminal soe'r we Husbands are,

'Tis not for Wives to push our Crimes too far.

Had you still Mistri's of your temper been,

I had been modest, and not own'd my Sin.

Your Fury ha' dens me, and what e'r wrong

You suffer, you've cancell'd by your Tongue.

A Guard there; seize her: she shall know this hour,

What is a Husband's and a Monarch's Pow'r.

[*Guard seizes her.*]

*Enter Aureng-Zebe.*

*Nour.* I see for whom your Charter you maintain:

I must be fetter'd, and my Son be slain,

That *Zelyma's* ambitious Race may Reign.

Not so, you promis'd when my Beauty drew

All *Asia's* Vows; when *Persia* left for you

The Realm of *Candabar* for Dow'r I brought:

That long contended Prize for which you fought.

*Aur.* The name of Step-mother, your practis'd Art,

By which you have estrang'd my Father's Heart,

All you have done against me, or design,

Shews your aversion, but begets not mine.

Long may my Father *India's* Empire guide:

And may no breach your Nuptial Vows divide.

*Emp.* Since Love obliges not, I from this hour,

Allume the right of Man's Despotick Pow'r:

*Mam*

Man is by Nature form'd your Sexes Head:  
 And is himself the Canon of his Bed.  
 In Bands of Iron fetter'd you shall be:  
 An easier Yoak than what you put on me.

*Aur.* Though much I fear my Int'rest is not great, **[Kneeling.]**  
 Let me your Royal Clemency intreat.  
 Secrets of Marriage still are Sacred held:  
 There sweet and bitter by the Wife conceal'd.  
 Errors of Wives reflect on Husbands still;  
 And, when divulg'd, proclaim you've chosen ill.  
 And the myſterious Pow'r of Bed and Throne,  
 Should always be maintain'd, but rarely shown.

*Emp.* To ſo perverſe a Sex all Grace is vain;  
 It gives 'em courage to offend again;  
 For with feign'd Tears they penitence pretend:  
 Again are pardon'd, and again offend.  
 Fathom our pity when they ſeem to grieve;  
 Only to try how far we can forgive.  
 Till lanching out into a Sea of ſtrife,  
 They ſcorn all Pardon, and appear all Wife.  
 But be it as you pleaſe: for your lov'd ſake,  
 This laſt and fruitleſs Trial I will make.  
 In all Requeſts, your right of Merit uſe:  
 And know, There is but one I can reſuſe.

**[He ſigns to the Guards, and they remove from the Empreſs.]**

*Nour.* You've done enough, for you deſign'd my Chains:  
 The Grace is vaniſh'd, but th' Affront remains.  
 Nor is't a Grace, or for his Merit done;  
 You durſt no farther, for you fear'd my Son.  
 This you have gain'd by the rough courſe you prove;  
 I'm paſt Repentance, and you paſt my Love. **[Exit.]**

*Emp.* A Spirit ſo untam'd the World ne'r bore.  
*Aur.* And yet worſe uſage had incens'd her more.  
 But ſince by no obligation ſhe is ty'd,  
 You muſt betimes for your defence provide:  
 I cannot idle in your danger ſtand;  
 But beg once more I may your Arms Command;  
 Two Battels your auſpicious Cauſe has won;  
 My Sword can perfect what it has begun,  
 And from your Walls diſlodge that haughty Son.

*Emp.* My Son, your Valour has, this day, been ſuch,  
 None can enough admire, or praife too much.  
 But now, with reaſon, your ſucceſs I doubt:  
 Her Faction's ſtrong within, his Arms without.

*Aur.*

*Aur.* I left the City in a Panick fright:  
 Lions they are in Council, Lambs in Fight.  
 But my own Troops by *Mirzab* led, are near:  
 I, by to Morrows dawn, expect 'em here.  
 To favour 'em, I'll fall out e'r Day:  
 And through our slaughter'd Foes enlarge their way.

*Emp.* Age has not yet  
 So shrunk my Sinews, or so chill'd my Veins,  
 But conscious Virtue in my Breast remains.  
 But had I now

That strength, with which my boiling Youth was fraught;  
 When in the Vale of *Balafor* I fought,  
 And from *Bengale* their Captive Monarch brought;  
 When Elephant 'gainst Elephant did rear  
 His Trunk, and Castles just'd in the Air;  
 My Sword thy way to Victory had shown:  
 And ow'd the Conquest to it self alone.

*Aur.* Those fair Idea's to my Aid I'll call,  
 And emulate my great Original.  
 Or, if they fail, I will invoke in Arms,  
 The pow'r of Love, and *Indamora's* Charms.

*Emp.* I doubt the happy influence of your Star:  
 T'invoke a Captives Name, bodes ill in War.

*Aur.* Sir, give me leave to say, what ever now  
 The Omen prove, it boded well to you.  
 Your Royal Promise, when I went to fight,  
 Oblig'd me to resign a Victor's Right.  
 Her Liberty I fought for, and I won:  
 And claim it as your General, and your Son.

*Emp.* My Ears still ring with noise, I'm vex'd to death:  
 Tongue-kill'd, and have not yet recover'd breath.  
 Nor will I be prescrib'd my time by you:  
 First end the War, and then your Claim renew.  
 While to your Conduct I my Fortune trust,  
 To keep this pledge of Duty is but just.

*Aur.* Some hidden cause your jealousy does move,  
 Or you could ne'r suspect my Loyal Love.

*Emp.* What Love soever by an Heir is shown,  
 He waits but time to step into the Throne.  
 You're neither justifi'd, nor yet accus'd:  
 Mean while, the Pris'ner with respect is us'd.

*Aur.* I know the kindness of her Guardian such,  
 I need not fear too little, but too much.  
 But how, Sir, How have you from Virtue swerv'd?  
 Or what so ill return have I deserv'd?

E

You



You doubt not me, nor have I spent my Blood,  
To have my Faith no better understood :  
Your Soul's above the baseness of distrust :  
Nothing but Love could make you so unjust.

*Emp.* You know your Rival then ; and know 'tis fit,  
The Son's should to the Father's Claim submit.

*Aur.* Sons may have Right which they can never quit.  
Your self first made that Title which I claim :  
First bid me love, and authoris'd my flame.

*Emp.* The value of my Gift I did not know :  
If I could give, I can resume it too.

*Aur.* Recall your Gift, for I your power confess :  
But first, take back my Life, a Gift that's less.  
Long Life would now but a long burthen prove :  
You're grown unkind, and I have lost your love.  
My grief let unbecoming Speeches fall :  
I should have dy'd, and not complain'd at all.

*Emp.* Witness ye pow'rs,  
How much I suffer'd, and how long I strove  
Against th'assaults of this imperious Love :  
I represented to my self the shame  
Of perjur'd Faith, and violated Fame.

Your great deserts, how ill they were repay'd ;  
All Arguments, in vain, I urg'd and weigh'd :  
For mighty love, who Prudence does despise,  
For Reason, shew'd me *Indamora's* Eyes.  
What would you more, my Crime I sadly view,  
Acknowledge, am aashm'd, and yet pursue.

*Aur.* Since you can love, and yet your error see,  
The same resistless pow'r may plead for me.  
With no less Ardor I my claim pursue :

I love, and cannot yield her even to you.

*Emp.* Your elder Brother's, tho' overcome, have Right :  
The youngest yet in Arms prepar'd to Fight.  
But, yielding her, I firmly have decreed,  
That you alone to Empire shall succeed.

*Aur.* To after Ages let me stand a shame,  
When I exchange for Crowns my Love or Fame.  
You might have found a Mercenary Son,  
To profit of the Battels he had won :  
Had I been such, what hinder'd me to take  
The Crown ? Nor had th'exchange been yours to make.  
While you are living, I no right pretend ;  
Wear it, and let it where you please, descend.  
But from my Love, 'tis Sacrilege to part :  
There, there's my Throne in *Indamora's* Heart.

*Emp.*

*Emp.* 'Tis in her Heart alone that you must Reign;  
You'll find her Person difficult to gain;  
Give willingly what I can take by force;  
And know, Obedience is your safest course.

*Aur.* I'm taught, by Honour's Precepts, to obey;  
Fear to Obedience is a slavish way;  
If ought my want of Duty could beget;  
You take the most prevailing means, to threat;  
Pardon your Blood that boils within my Veins;  
It rises high, and menacing disdains.  
Even death's become to me no dreadful name;  
I've often met him, and have made him tame;  
In Fighting Fields where our acquaintance grew,  
I saw him, and contemn'd him first for you.

*Emp.* Of formal Duty make no more thy boast;  
Thou disobey'st where it concerns me most;  
Fool, with both hands thus to push back a Crown;  
And headlong cast thy self from Empire down;  
Though Naurmahat I hate, her Son shall Reign;  
Inglorious thou, by thy own fault, remain.  
Thy younger Brother I'll admit this hour;  
So mine shall be thy Mistress, his thy power. [Exit]

*Aur.* How vain is Virtue which directs our ways  
Through certain Danger, to uncertain Praise;  
Barren, and airy Name! Thee Fortune lies;  
With thy lean Train, the Pious and the Wise.  
Heav'n takes thee at thy Word, without regard;  
And lets thee poorly be thy own reward.  
The World is made for the bold impious Man,  
Who stops at nothing, seizes all he can;  
Justice to Merit does weak Aid afford;  
She trusts her Balance, and neglects her Sword.

Virtue is nice to take what's not her own;  
And, while she long consults, the Prize is gone.

*To him Dianet.*

*Dia.* Forgive the Bearer of unhappy News:  
Your alter'd Father openly pursues  
Your Ruine; and, to compass his intent,  
For violent ~~Woman~~ haste has sent  
The Gates he order'd all to be unbarr'd;  
And from the Market-place to draw the Guard.

*Aur.* How look the People in this turn of State?

*Dia.* They mourn your Ruine as their proper Fate,  
Curling the Empress: for they think it done  
By her procurement, to advance her Son.  
Him too, though aw'd, they scarcely can forbear:  
His Pride they hate, his Violence they fear.

All bent to rise, would you appear their Chief,  
Till your own Troops come up to your relief.

*Ans.* Ill treated, and forsaken as I am,  
I'll not betray the Glory of my Name :  
'Tis not for me, who have preserv'd a State,  
To buy an Empire at so base a rate.

*Dis.* The points of Honour, Poets may produce;  
Trappings of Life, for Ornament, not Life :  
Honour, which only does the Name advance,  
Is the meer raving madness of Romance.  
Pleas'd with a word, you may sit tamely down ;  
And see your younger Brother force the Crown.

*Ans.* I know my Fortune in extreams does lie :  
The Sons of *Indostan* must Reign, or die,  
That desperate hazard Courage does create ;  
As he plays frankly who has least Estate,  
And that the World the Coward will despise,  
When Life's a Blank, who pulls not for a Prize ?

*Dia.* Of all your Knowledge, this vain fruit you have,  
To walk with Eyes broad open to your Grave.

*Ans.* From what I've said, concluded without reply,  
I neither would usurp, nor tamely dye.  
Th' attempt to fly, would Guilt betray, or Fear :  
Besides, 'twere vain ; the Fort's our Prison here.  
Somewhat I have resolv'd —

*Morat*, perhaps, has Honour in his Breast :  
And, in extreams, bold Counsels are the best.  
Like Emp'rick Remedies, they last are try'd ;  
And by th' event condemn'd, or justify'd.  
Presence of Mind, and Courage in Distress,  
Are more than Armies to procure Success. [Exit]

### A C T III.

*Arimant, with a Letter in his hand: Indamora.*

*Arim.* **A**ND I the Messenger to him from you ?  
Your Empire you to Tyranny pursue :  
You lay commands, both cruel and unjust,  
To serve my Rival, and betray my Trust.

*Ind.* You first betray'd your Trust in loving me,  
And should not I my own advantage see ?  
Serving my Love, you may my friendship gain,  
You know the best of your pretences vain.

You

You must, my *Arimant*, you must be kind:  
'Tis in your Nature, and your Noble Mind.

*Arim.* I'll to the King, and strat my Trust resign.

*Ind.* His Trust you may, but you shall never mine.

Heav'n made you love me for no other end,  
But to become my Confident and Friend:

As such, I keep no Secret from your sight,  
And therefore make you judge how ill I write:

Read it, and tell me freely then your Mind:  
If 'tis Indited as I meant it kind.

*Arim. (Reading)* I ask Heav'n my freedom to restore;  
But only for your sake — ~~Read no more~~

And yet I must —

*(Reading)* Less for my own, than for your Sorrow, sad —

Another Line like this would make me mad — *(kind)*

*(As Reading.)* Heav'n! she goes on — yet more — and yet more  
Each Sentence is a Dagger to my Mind.

*(Reading)* See me this night,

Thank Fortune, who did such a Friend provide

For faithful *Arimant* shall be your Guide:

Not only to be made an Instrument,

But pre-ingag'd without my own consent.

*Ind.* Unknown t'ingage you still augment my Score,

And gives you scope of meriting the more.

*Arim.* The best of Men

Some Int'rest in their Actions must confess;

None merit, but in hope they may possess.

The fatal Paper rather let me tear,

Than like *Bellerophon*, my own Sentence bear.

*Ind.* You may, but 'twill not be your best advice.

'Twill only give me pains of writing twice.

You know you must obey me, soon or late:

Why should you vainly struggle with your Fate?

*Arim.* I thank thee, Heav'n, thou hast been wondrous *(kind)*

Why am I thus to slavery design'd,

And yet am cheated with a Free-born Mind?

Or make thy Orders with my Reason sute,

Or let me live by Sense a Glorious Brute — *[She frowns.]*

You frown, and I obey with speed, before

That dreadful Sentence comes, *See me no more!*

See me no more; that Sound, methinks, I hear

Like the last Trumpet thund'ring in my Ear.

*Enter Solyman.*

*Solym.* The Princess *Melefinda* bath'd in Tears,

And to's'd alternately with Hopes and Fears.

If your Affairs such leisure can afford,  
Would learn from you the Fortunes of her Lord.

*Arim.* Tell her, that I some certainty may bring:  
I go this minute to attend the King.

*Ind.* This lonely Turtle I desire to see:  
Grief, though not cur'd is eas'd by company.

*Arim.* (To *Solym.*) Say, if the Pleas'd, the hither may repair  
And breathe the freshnels of the open Air. *Exit Solym.*

*Ind.* Poor Princess! How I pity her Estate,  
Wrapt in the Ruins of her Husbands Fate;  
She mourn'd *Morat* should in Rebellion rise!  
Yet he offends, and she's the sacrifice.

*Arim.* Not knowing his design, at Court she staid;  
Till, my Command, close Pris'ner she was made.  
Since when

Her Chains with *Roman* Constancy she bore;  
But that, perhaps, an *Indian* Wife's is more.

*Ind.* Go, bring her Comfort: leave me here alone.

*Arim.* My Love must still be in Obedience shewn. *Ex Arim.*

*Enter* *Melinda*, led by *Solym*, who retires afterwards.

*Ind.* When graceful Sorrow in her pomp appears,  
Sure she is dress'd in *Melinda's* Tears.

Your Head reclin'd, (as hiding Grief from view),  
Droops, like a Rose surcharg'd with Morning Dew.

*Mel.* Can Flow'rs but droop in absence of the Sun,  
Which wak'd their Sweets? and mine, alas, is gone:  
But you the Noblest Charity express:

For they who shine in Courts still shun Distress:

*Ind.* Distress'd my self, like you, complain'd I live:  
And therefore can compassion take, and give.

We're both Love's Captives, but with Fate to cross,  
One must be happy by the others loss.

*Morat* or *Aureng-Zebe* must fall this day.

*Mel.* Too truly *Tamerlain's* Successors they,  
Each thinks a World too little for his sway;  
Could you and I the same pretences bring,  
Mankind should with more ease receive a King:  
I would to you the narrow World resign,  
And want no Empire while *Morat* was mine:

*Ind.* Wish'd freedom I presage you soon will find:  
If Heav'n be Just, and be to Virtue kind.

*Mel.* Quite otherwise my Mind foretels my Fate:  
Short is my Life, and that unfortunate.

Yet should I not complain, would Heav'n afford  
Some little time, e're death, to see my Lord.

*Ind.*



*Ind.* These Thoughts are but your Melancholy's Food;  
 Rais'd from a lonely Life, and dark abode:  
 But whatso'er our jarring Fortunes prove,  
 Though our Lords hate, methinks we two may love.

*Mel.* Such be our Loves as may not yield to Fate:  
 I bring a Heart more true than fortune [Giving their hands.]

*To them Ariment.*

*Arim.* I come with halfe surprizing News to bring:  
 In two hours time, since last I saw the King,  
 Th' Affairs of Court have wholly chang'd their Face:  
 Unhappy *Aurange-Zebe* is in disgrace:  
 And your *Morat* (proclaim'd the Successor)  
 Is call'd, to awe the City with his Power.  
 Those Trumpets his Triumphant Entry tell,  
 And now the Shouts waite near the Cittadel.

*Ind.* See, Madam, see the event by me fore-shown:  
 I envy not your chance, but grieve my own.

*Mel.* A change so unexpected must surprize  
 And more, because I am us'd to Joys.

*Ind.* May all your Wishes ever prosperous be,  
 But I'm too much concern'd the event to see:  
 My Eyes too tender are—

To view my Lord become the publick scorn,  
 I came to comfort, and I go to mourn, [Taking her leave.]

*Mel.* Stay, I'll not see my Lord,  
 Before I give your Sorrow some Relief;  
 And pay the Charity you lent my Grief.  
 Here he shall see me first with you confin'd:  
 And, if your Virtue fail to move his Mind,  
 I'll use my Intrest that he may be kind.  
 Fear not, I never mov'd him yet in vain.

*Ind.* So fair a Pleader any Cause may gain.

*Mel.* I have no Taste, methinks, of coming Joy;  
 For black presages all my hopes destroy.  
 Die, something whispers, *Melinda*, die;  
 Fulfil, fulfil thy mournful destiny.  
 Mine is a gleam of Bliss too hot to last,  
 Watry it shines, and will be soon o'rcast.

*Indamora and Melinda Re-enter, as into the Chambers.*

*Arim.* Forrune seems weary grown of *Aurange-Zebe*,  
 While to her new made Favourite, *Morat*,  
 Her lavish Hand is wastfully profuse:  
 With Fame and flowing Honours Tided in,  
 Born on a swelling Current smooth beneath him,  
 The King and haughty Empress, to our wonder,  
 If not atton'd, yet seemingly at Peace,  
 As Fate for him that Miracle reserv'd.

*Enter*

*Enter in Triumph, Emperor, Morat, and Train.*

*Emp.* I have confess'd I love.

As I interpret fairly your design,  
So look not with severer Eyes on mine.  
Your Fate has call'd you to the Imperial Seat:  
In Duty be, as you in Arms are great.  
For *Aureng-Zebe* a hated Name is grown,  
And Love less bears a Rival than the Throne.

*Mor.* To me, the cries of fighting Fields are Charms:

Keen by my Sable, and of proof my Arms.  
I ask no other Blessing of my Stars:  
No Prize but Fame, nor Mistress but the Wars.  
I scarce am pleas'd, I tamely mount the Throne:  
Would *Aureng-Zebe* had all their Souls in one:  
With all my elder Brothers I would Fight,  
And so from partial Nature force my Right.

*Emp.* Had we but lasting Youth, and time to spare,  
Some might be thrown away on Fame and Wars;  
But Youth, the perishing Good runs on too fast:  
And uninjoy'd will spend it self to waste;  
Few know the use of Life before 'tis past.  
Had I once more thy vigor to command,  
I would not let it die upon my hand;  
No hour of pleasure should pass empty by,  
Youth should watch Joys, and shoot 'em as they fly.

*Mor.* Methinks all pleasure is in Greatness found,  
King's, like Heav'n's Eye, should spread their Beams around,  
Pleas'd to be seen, while Glories Race they run:  
Rest is not for the Chariot of the Sun,  
Subjects are stiff-neck'd Animals, they soon  
Feel slackn'd Reins, and pitch their Rider down.

*Emp.* To thee that Drudgery of Pow'r I give:  
Cares be thy Lot, Reign thou, and let me live.  
The Fort I'll keep for my security,  
Bus'ness, and publick State resign to thee.

*Mor.* Luxurious Kings are to their People lost;  
They live, like Drones, upon the publick Cost.  
My Arms, from Pole to Pole, the World shall shake:  
And, with my self, keep all Mankind awake.

*Emp.* Believe me, Son, and needless trouble spare;  
'Tis a base World, and is not worth our care.  
The Vulgar, a scarce animated Clod,  
Ne'r pleas'd with ought 'em, above Prince or God.  
Were I a God, the drunken Globe should roul:  
The little Emmets with the Humane Soul

Care for themselves, while at my ease I sat;  
And second Causes did the work of Fate.  
Or, if I would take care, that Care should be  
For Wit, that scorn'd the World, and liv'd like me.

*To them Mourner, Zayda, and Attendants;*

*Nour.* My dear *Morat*,  
This day propitious to us all has been:  
You're now a Monarch's Heir, and I a Queen.  
Your youthful Father now may quit the State,  
And finds the ease he sought, indulg'd by Fate.  
Cares shall not keep him on the Throne awake,  
Nor break the Golden Slumbers he would take.

*Emp.* In vain I struggl'd to the Goal of Life,  
While Rebel-Sons, and an imperious Wife  
Still dragg'd me backwards into Noise and Strife.

*Morat.* Be that remembrance lost; and be'd my pride  
To be your pledge of Peace on either side.

*To him, Aurang-Zebe.*

*Aur.* With all th' assurance Innocence can bring,  
Fearless without, because secure within,  
Arm'd with my Courage, unconcern'd I see  
This pomp; a Shame to you, a Pride to me.  
Shame is but where with wickedness is join'd;  
And, while no baseness in this Breast I find,  
I have not lost the Birth-right of my Mind.

*Emp.* Children (the blind effect of Love and Chance,  
Form'd by their sportive Parents Ignorance)  
Bear from their Birth th' impressions of a Slave:  
Whom Heav'n for Play-games first, and then for Service gave.  
One then may be displac'd, and one may Reign:  
And want of Merit, render Birth-right vain.

*Mor.* Comes he t'upbraid us with his Innocence?  
Seize him, and take the preaching Broochman hence.

*Aur.* Stay, Sir; I, from my Years, no merit plead: [*To his Father.*  
All my Designs and Acts to Duty lead.  
Your Life and Glory are my only end;  
And for that Prize I with *Morat* contend.

*Morat.* Not him alone: I all Mankind defie.  
Who dares adventure more for both than I?

*Aur.* I know you brave, and take you at your words:  
That present Service which you vaunt, afford:  
Our two Rebellious Brothers are not dead:  
Though vanquish'd, yet again they gather head.  
I dare you, as your Rival in renown,  
March out your Army from th' Imperial Town:  
Chuse whom you please, the other leave to me:  
And set our Father absolutely free.

This, if you do, to end all future strife,  
I am content to lead a private life:  
Disband my Army to secure the State,  
Nor aim at more, but leave the rest to Fate.

*Mor.* I'll do't. Draw out my Army on the Plain:  
War is to me a pastime, Peace a pain.

*Emp.* ( *To Morat.* ) Think better first.  
( *To Aur.* ) You see your self inclos'd beyond escape,  
And therefore, *Proteus* like, you change your shape.  
Of promise prodigal, while pow'r you want,  
And Preaching in the Self-denying Cant.

*Mor.* Plot better; for these Arts too obvious are,  
Of gaining time, the Master-piece of War:  
Is *Aureng-Zebe* so known?

*Aur.* — If Acts like mine,  
So far from *Int'rest*, Profit, or Design,  
Can show my Heart, by those I would be known,  
I wish you could as well defend your own.

My abient Army for my Father fought:  
Yours, in these Walls, is to inflave him brought.  
If I come singly, you an armed Guest;  
The World with ease may judge whose Cause is best.

*Morat.* My Father saw you ill designs pursue  
And my admission shew'd his fear of you.

*Aur.* Himself best knows why he his Love withdraws:  
I owe him more than to declare the Cause.  
But still I press our Duty may be shown  
By Arms.

*Mor.* — I'll vanquish all his Foes alone.  
*Aur.* You speak as if you could the Fates command  
And had no need of any other hand.

But, since my Honour you so far suspect,  
'Tis just I should on your designs reflect.  
To prove your self a Loyal Son, declare  
You'll lay down Arms when you conclude the War.

*Morat.* No present Answer your demand requires.  
The War once done, I'll do what Heav'n inspires,  
And while the Sword this Monarchy secures,  
'Tis manag'd by an abler Arm than yours.

*Emp.* *Morat's* design a doubtful meaning bears, ( *o-part.* )  
In *Aureng-Zebe* true Loyalty appears.

He, for my safety, does his own despise:  
Still, with his wrongs, I find his Duty rise.  
I feel my Virtue struggling in my Soul,  
But stronger Passion does its pow'r controul.

Yet be advis'd your ruine to prevent. [ *To Aur.* *apart.* ]  
You might be safe if you would give consent.



*Ans.* So to your welfare, I of use may be.  
My Life and Death are equal both to me.

*Emp.* The Peoples Hearts are yours; the Fort yet mine:

Be wife, and *Indamora's* Love resign.

I am observ'd, remember that I give

This my last proof of Kindness, Die, or Live.

*Ans.* Life, with my *Indamora* I would chuse;

But, losing her, the end of living lose.

I had consider'd all I ought before.

And fear of death can make me change no more.

The Peoples Love so little I esteem,

Condemn'd by you, I would not live by them.

May he who must your Favour now possess,

Much better serve you, and not love you less.

*Emp.* I've heard you; and, to finish the debate, *[Aloud]*  
Commit that Rebel Pris'ner to the State.

*Mr.* The deadly Draught he shall begin this day:

And languish with insensible decay.

*Ans.* I hate the lingering Summons to attend.

Death all at once would be the Nobler end.

Fate is unkind; methinks a General

Should warm, and at the head of Armies fall.

And my Ambition did that Hope pursue.

That so I might have dy'd in Fight for you. *[To his Father.]*

*Morat.* Would I had been disposer of thy Stars:

Thou should'st have had thy Will, and dy'd in Wars.

'Tis I, not thou, have reason to repine.

That thou should'st fall by any hand, but mine.

*Ans.* When thou wert Form'd, Heav'n did a Man begin;

But the Brute Soul, by chance, was shuff'd in.

In Woods and Wilds thy Monarchy maintain:

Where valiant Beasts, by Force and Rapine, Reign.

In Life's next Scene, if Transmigration be,

Some Bear or Lion is reserv'd for thee.

*Morat.* Take heed thou com'st not in that Lion's way:

I prophesie thou wilt thy Soul convey

Into a Lamb, and be again my Prey.

Hence with that Dreaming Priest.

*Nour.* — Let me prepare

The poisonous Draught: his Death shall be my care:

Near my Apartment let him pris'ner be.

That I his hourly ebbs of Life may see.

*Ans.* My Life I would not ransom with a Prayer:

'Tis vile, since 'tis not worth my Father's care.

I go not, Sir, indebted to my Grave.

You paid your self, and took the Life you gave.

*[Exit]*

*Emp.*



*Emp.* O that I had more taste of virtuous life,  
Or were of that, which yet remains, before  
I've just enough to know how I offend,  
And, to my Shame, have not enough to mend.  
Lead to the Mosque —

*Morat.* Love's pleasures, why should dull Devotion stay?  
Heav'n to my *Melesinda's* but the way.

[*Exeunt, Emperor, Morat, and Train.*]

*Zayd.* Sure *Avreng-Zebe* has somewhat of Divine,  
Whose Virtue through so dark a Cloud can shine,  
Fortune has from *Morat* this day remov'd  
The greatest Rival, and the best belov'd.

*Nour.* He is not yet remov'd.

*Zayd.* ——— He Lives, tis true,  
But soon must die, and, what I mourn, by you.

*Nour.* My *Zayda*, may thy words Propheticke be? *Embracing*  
I take the Omen, let him die by me. *She eagerly.*

He stifi'd in my Arms, shall lose his breath,  
And Life it self shall envious be of Death.

*Zay.* Bless me, you Pow'rs above!

*Nour.* ——— Why dost thou start?  
Is Love so strange? Or have not I Heart?

Could *Avreng-Zebe* so lovely seem to thee,  
And I want Eyes that Noble Worth to see?

Thy little Soul was but so weakly made,  
My Sense of it was higher, and I lov'd.

That Man, that God-like Man, so brave, so great,  
But these are thy high Praises, I repeat.

I'm carry'd by a Tide of Love away,  
He's somewhat more than I my self can say.

*Zayd.* Though all the *Loves* you can form be true,  
He must not, cannot be possess'd by you.

If contradicting Interests could be mixt,  
Nature her self hath cast a Bar betwixt.

And e'r you reach to this incestuous Love,  
You must Divine, and Human Rights remove.

*Nour.* Count this among the wonders Love has done:  
I had forgot, he was my Husband's Son!

*Zayd.* Nay, more, you have forgot who is your own:  
For whom your care so long design'd the Throne.

*Morat* must fall, if *Avreng-Zebe* should rise.

*Nour.* 'Tis true; but who was e'r in Love, and Wife,  
Why was that fatal knot of Marriage ty'd,

Which did, by making us too near, divide?  
Divides me from my Sex! for Heav'n, I find,  
Excludes but me alone of Woman-kind.

I stand with Guilt confounded, lost with shame,  
And yet made wretched only by a name.  
If Names have such Command on Human Life,  
Love sure's a name that's more Divine than mine,  
That Sov'reign Power all Guilt from Action takes,  
At least the stains are beautiful it makes.

*Zay.* Th'incroaching if you early should oppose:  
Flatter'd, 'tis worse, and by indulgence grows.

*Nour.* Alas! and what have I not said or done?  
I fought it to the last: and Love has won,  
A bloody Conquest; which destruction brought,  
And ruin'd all the Country where he fought.  
Whether this Passion from above was sent,  
The Fate of him Heav'n favours to prevent,  
Or as the curse of Fortune in excess,  
That, stretching, would beyond its reach possess:  
And, with a Taste which plenty does deprave,  
Loaths lawful good, and lawless ill does crave.

*Zay.* But yet consider—  
*Nour.* ——— No, 'tis loss of time.

Think how to farther, not divert my Crime,  
My Artful Engines instantly I'll move:  
And chuse the soft and gentlest kind of Love:  
The under Provost of the Fort is mine.  
But see, *Morat!* I'll whisper my Design.

*Enter Morat with Attendant.*  
*Atimant.* And for that cause was not in publick seen:  
But stays in Prison with the Captive Queen.

*Mor.* Let my Attendants wait, I'll be alone:  
Where least of State, there most of Love is shown.

*Nour.* My Son, your business is not hard to guess, [To Morat.  
Long absence makes you eager to possess:  
I will not importune you by my stay  
She merits all the Love which you can pay.

*Re-enter Atimant with Melinda, and Embrace her.*  
*Mor.* Should I not chide you, that you chide to stay.

In gloomy shades, and lost a Glorious Day:  
Lost the First Fruits of Joy you should possess  
In my return, and made my Triumph less?

*Mel.* Should I not chide that you could stay and see  
Those joys, preferring darkened Pomp to me?  
Through my dark Cell your month of Triumph rung:  
I heard with pleasure; but I thought em long.

*Mor.* The publick will in Triumphs rudely stare  
And Kings the rudeness of their eyes must bear.

But I made haste to set my Captive free:  
And thought that Work was only worthy me.  
The Fame of Antient Matrons you pursue:  
And stand a blameless pattern to the new.  
I have not words to praise such Acts as these:  
But take my Heart, and mould it as you please.

*Mel.* A Trial of your Kindness I must make,  
Though not for mine so much as Virtue's sake.  
The Queen of *Cassiopea*.

*Morat.* — No more, my Love,  
That only suit I beg you not to move.  
That she's in bonds for *Aureng-Zebe* I know.  
And should, by my consent, continue so.  
The good old Man, I fear, will pity show.  
My Father dotes, and let him still dote on;  
He buys his Mistress dearly with his Throne.

*Mel.* See her; and then be cruel if you can.

*Morat.* 'Tis not with me as with a private Man,  
Such may be sway'd by Honour, or by Love;  
But Monarchs, only, by their Interest move.

*Mel.* Heav'n does a Tribute for your Pow'r demand:  
He leaves th'oppress'd and poor upon your hand.  
And those who Stewards of his pity prove,  
He Blesses, in return, with publick Love.  
In his Distress some Miracle is shown;  
If exil'd, Heav'n restores him to his Throne.  
He needs no Guard while any Subject's near.  
Nor, like his Tyrant Neighbors, lives in fear.  
No Plots th' Alarm to his retirements give:  
'Tis all Mankind's concern, that he should live.

*Morat.* You promis'd Friendship in your low Estate;  
And should forget it in your better Fare;  
Such Maxims are more plausible than true;  
But somewhat must be giv'n to Love and you.  
I'll view this Captive Queen, to let her see  
Pray'rs and Complaints are lost on such as me.

*Mel.* I'll bear the news: Heav'n knows how much I'm pleas'd,  
That, by my care, th'afflicted may be eas'd.

*As She is going off, Enter Indamora.*

*Ind.* I'll share your pains, and venture out alone.  
Since you, fair Princess, my Protection own.  
But you, brave Prince, a harder Task must find, *To Morat kneeling,*  
In saving me, you would but halfe be kind. *She takes her up.*  
An humble Suppliant at your Feet I lie;  
You have condemn'd my better part to die.

Without

Without my *Aureng-Zeb* I cannot live:  
Revoke his Doom, or else my Sentence give.

*Mel.* If *Melesinda* in your Love have part,  
Which, to suspect, would break my tender Heart:  
If Love, like mine, may for a flower plead,  
By the chaste pleasures of our Nuptial Bed,  
By all the Interests my past sufferings make,  
And ah! I yet would suffer for your sake;  
By you your self, the last and dearest tie—

*Mor.* You move in vain; *Aurung-Zeb* must die.

*Ind.* Could that Decree from any Brother come?

Nature her self is Sentenced in your Doom:  
Piety is no more, she sees her place usurp'd  
By Monsters, and a savage Race,  
From her soft Eastern Climes you drive her forth,  
To the cold Mansions of the utmost North:  
How can our Prophet suffer you to Reign,  
When he looks down and sees your Brother slain?  
Avenging Furies will your Life pursue;  
Think there's a Heav'n, *Moras*, though not for you.

*Mel.* Her Words imprint a terror on my Mind:  
What if this death, which is for him design'd,  
Had been your doom, (far be that Augury!)  
And you, not *Aureng-Zeb*, condemn'd to die?  
Weigh well the various turns of Humane Fate,  
And seek, by Mercy, to secure your State.

*Ind.* Had Heav'n the Crown for *Aureng-Zeb* design'd,  
Pity, for you, had pierc'd his generous Mind:  
Pity does with a Noble Nature suit;  
A Brother's Life had suffer'd no dispute:  
All things have right in Life; our Prophet's care  
Commands the Beings ev'n of Brutes to spare.  
Though Int'rest his restraint has justify'd,  
Can Life, and to a Brother, be deny'd?

*Mor.* All Reasons for his safety urg'd, are weak:  
And yet methinks 'tis Heav'n to hear you speak.

*Mel.* 'Tis part of your own Being to invade—

*Mor.* Nay, if she fail to move, would you perswade?  
My Brother does a Glorious Fate pursue.  
I envy him, that he must fall for you;  
He had been base had he releas'd his Right.  
For such an Empire none but Kings should Fight.  
If with a Father he disputes this Prize,  
My wonder ceases when I see these Eyes.

*Mel.* And can you then deny those Eyes you praise?  
Can Beauty wonder, and not Pity raise?

*Mor.*



*Mor.* Your intercession now is needless; grow my  
Retire, and let me speak with her alone.

[*Melesinda enters, weeping, at the side of the Theatre.*  
Queen, that you may add to my Tears employ;  
I bring you news to fill your heart with Joy;  
Your Lover King of all the Earth shall Reign;  
For *Aureng-Zebe* to Morrow shall be slain.

*Ind.* The hopes you rais'd have blasted with a Breath;  
With Triumphs you began, but end with death;  
Did you not say, my Lover should be King?

*Mor.* I, in *Morano*, the best of Lovers bring  
For one forsaken both of Earth and Heaven;  
Your kinder Stars a Nobler choice have given  
My Father, while I please, a King appears;  
His Pow'r is more declining than his Years;  
An Emperor and Lover but in show;  
But you, in me, have Youth and Fortune too;  
As Heav'n did to your Eyes and Form Divine,  
Submit the Fate of all the Imperial Line;  
So was it order'd by its wife Decree,  
That you should find 'em all compriz'd in me.

*Ind.* If, Sir, I seem not compos'd with Rage,  
Feed not your Fancy with a false presage;  
Farther to press your Courtship is but vain;  
A cold refusal carries more disdain;  
Unsettled Virtue stormy may appear;  
Honour, like mine, serenely is severe;  
To scorn your Person, and reject your Crown,  
Disorder not my Face into a Frown.

*Mor.* Your Fortune you should reverently have us'd:  
Such offers are not twice to be refus'd;  
I go to *Aureng-Zebe*, and am in haste;  
For your Commands, they're like to be the last.

*Ind.* Tell him,  
With my own death I would his Life redeem;  
But, less than Honour, both our Lives esteem.

*Mor.* Have you no more to say?

*Ind.* What shall I do or say?  
He must not in this fury go away;  
Tell him, I did in vain his Brother move;  
And yet he falsely said he was in Love;  
Falsely; for had he truly lov'd, at least,  
He would have giv'n one day to my Request;  
A little yielding may my Love advance;  
She darted from her Eyes a side-long glance,  
Just as she spoke; and, like her words, it flew;  
Said not to beg, what yet she bid me do.



A Brother, Madam, cannot give a day;  
A Servant, and who hopes to Merit, may.

*Mel.* If, Sir ———— *[To him.]*

*Mor.* No more ———— set Speeches, and a formal Tale;  
With none but Statesmen and grave fools prevail.

Dry up your Tears, and practise every Grace  
That fits the Pageant of your Royal place.

*Mel.* Madam, the strange reverse of Fate you see  
I pity'd you, now you may pity me. *[Exit.]*

*Ind.* Poor Princess! thy hard Fate I could bemoan,  
Had I not nearer Sorrows of my own.

Beauty is seldom fortunate, when great;  
A vast Estate, but overcharg'd with Debt.

Like those whom Want to baseness does betray:  
I'm forc'd to flatter him I cannot pay.

O would he be content to seize the Throne;  
I beg the Life of *Aureng-Zeb* alone.

Whom Heav'n would bless, from pomp it will remove,  
And make their Wealth in Privacy and Love. *[Exit.]*

## ACT IV.

*Aureng-Zeb* *solus.*

**D**istrust, and Darkness of a future State,  
Make poor Mankind so fearful of their Fate.

Death, in it self, is nothing; but we fear  
To be we know not what, we know not where. *[Soft Musick.]*

This is the Ceremony of my Fate;  
A parting Treat; and I'm to die in State.

They lodge me, as were I the *Persian* King;  
And with luxurious pomp my death they bring.

*To him* *Nourmahal.*

*Nour.* I thought before you drew your latest breath,  
To smooth your passage, and to soften death;

For I would have you, when you upward move,  
Speak kindly of me, to our Friends above.

Nor name me there th'occasion of your Fate;  
Or what my Interest does impute to Hate.

*Aur.* I ask not for what end your pomp's design'd;  
Whether t'insult, or to compose my Mind.

I mark'd it not; *[Exit.]*

But, knowing Death would soon th' Assault begin,  
 Stood firm collected in my Strength within;  
 To guard that breach did all my Forces guide,  
 And left undamn'd the quiet Senses side.

*Nour.* Because *Morr* from me his being took,  
 All I can say will much expected look.  
 'Tis little to confess your Fate I grieve;  
 Yet more than you would easily believe.

*Nour.* Since my inevitable death you know,  
 You safely unavailing pity show.  
 'Tis Popular to mourn a dying Foe.

*Nour.* You made my Liberty your late Request:  
 Is no return due from a grateful Breast?  
 I grow impatient, till I find some way  
 Great Offices, with greater, to repay.

*Aur.* When I consider'd Life, 'tis all a cheat;  
 Yet, fool'd with hope, Men favour the deceit.  
 Trust on, and think to Morrow will repay:  
 To Morrow's faller than the former day.  
 Lies worse; and while it says, we shall be blest  
 With some new joys, cuts off what we possess.

Strange couzenage! none would live past years again,  
 Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;  
 And, from the dregs of Life, think to receive  
 What the first brightly running could not give.  
 I'm tir'd with waiting for this Chymick Gold,  
 Which fools us Young, and beggars us when Old.

*Nour.* 'Tis not for nothing that we life pursue;  
 It pays our hopes with something, if that's new.  
 Each day's a Mistress, unenjoy'd before,  
 Like Travellers, we're pleas'd with seeing more.  
 Did you but know what Joys your way attend,  
 You would not hurry to your journey's end.

*Aur.* I need not haste the end of Life to meet;  
 The precipice is just beneath my Feet.

*Nour.* Think not my sense of Virtue is so small:  
 I'll rather leap down first, and break your fall.  
 My *Aureng-Zebe*, (may I not call you so?) } *Taking him by*  
 Behold me now no longer as your Foe; } *the hand.*  
 I am not, cannot be your Enemy;  
 Look, is there any malice in my Eye?  
 Pray Sit ————

That distance shews too much Respect or Fear:  
 You'll find no danger in approaching near.

*Aur.* Forgive th'amazement of my doubtful state:  
 This kindness from the Mother of *Adras*!

Or is't some Angel, pitying what I bore,  
Who takes that shape, to make my wonder more?

*Nour.* Think me your better *Gem* in disguise,  
Or any thing that more may charm your Eyes,  
Your Guardian Angel never could excel  
In care, nor could he love his charge so well.

*Aur.* Whence can proceed so wonderful a change?

*Nour.* Can kindness to desert like yours be strange,  
Kindness by secret Sympathy is ty'd,

For Noble Souls in Nature are all'd;  
I saw with what a brow you brand your Fate,  
Yet with what boldness bore your Father's hate;  
My Virtue, like a string wound up by Art,  
To the same sound, when yours was touch'd, took part,  
At distance shook, and trembled at my heart.

*Aur.* I'll not complain my Father is unkind,  
Since so much pity from a Foe I find;  
Just Heav'n reward this Act.

*Nour.* 'Tis well the Debt no payment does demand,  
You turn me over to another hand.

But happy, happy life,  
And with the Bless'd above to be compar'd,  
Whom you your self would, with your self, reward;  
The greatest, nay, the fairest of her kind,  
Would envy her that *DAUGHTER* which you design'd.

*Aur.* Great Princes thus, when Favourites they raise,  
To justify their Grace, their Creatures praise.

*Nour.* As Love the Noblest passion we account,  
So to the highest Object it should mount.  
It shews you brave when mean desires you shun.

An Eagle only can behold the Sun;  
And so must you; if yet, preface Divine  
There be in Dreams, or was't a Vision mine?

*Aur.* Of me? —

*Nour.* — And who could else employ my Thoughts?  
I dream'd, your Love was by Love's Goddess fought;

Officious *Cupids*, hov'ring o'er your head,  
Held Myrtle wreaths: beneath your Feet was spread  
What Sweets soe'er *Sabeen* Springs disclose,  
Our *Indian* *Jasmine*, or the *Syrian* Rose:

The wanton Ministers around you strove  
For service, and inspir'd their Mother's Love;  
Close by your side, and languishing, she lies  
With blushing Cheeks, short Breath, and winking Eyes;  
Upon your Breast supinely lay her Head,  
While, on your Face, her famild Sight she fed.

Then, with a Sigh, into these words she broke,  
 ( And gather'd humid Kisses as the spoke, )  
 Dull, and Ingrateful ! must I offer Love ?  
 Desir'd by gods, and envy'd ev'n by Jove :  
 And dost thou Ignorance or Fear pretend ?  
 Mean Soul ! and dar'st not gloriously offend ?  
 Then, pressing thus his hand —

*Anr.* I'll hear no more.

'Twas impious to have understood before,  
 And I, till now, endeavour'd to mistake,  
 Th'incestuous meaning which too plain you make.

*Nour.* And why this niceness to that pleasure shewn  
 Where Nature sums up all her Joys in one,  
 Gives all she can, and labouring still to give,  
 Makes it so great, we can but taste and live :  
 So fills the Senses, that the Soul seems fled,  
 And thought it self does, for the time, lie dead :  
 Till like a String scrud up with eager haste,  
 It breaks, and is too exquisite to last.

*Anr.* Heav'ns ! can you this, without just vengeance, hear ?  
 When will you Thunder, if it now be clear ?

Yet her alone let not your Thunder seize :  
 I, too, deserve to die, because I please.

*Nour.* Custom our Native Royalty does awe,  
 Promiscuous Love is Nature's general Law :  
 For whosoever the first Lovers were,  
 Brother and Sister made the second pair,  
 And doubled by their Love, their Piety.

*Anr.* Hence, hence, and to some barbarous Climate fly,  
 Which only Brutes in humane Form does yield,  
 And Man grows wild in Nature's common Field,  
 Who eat their Parents, Piety pretend,  
 Yet there no Sons their Sacred Bed ascend,  
 To vail great Sins, a greater Crime you chuse ;  
 And, in your incest, your Adultery lose.

*Nour.* In vain this haughty fury you have shewn,  
 How I adore a Soul so like my own !  
 You must be mine, that you may learn to live :  
 Know Joys, which only she who loves can give,  
 Nor think that Action you upbraid, so ill :  
 I am not chang'd ; I love my Husband still ;  
 But love him as he was, when Youthful Grace,  
 And the first down began to shade his Face :  
 That Image does my Virgin flames renew,  
 And all your Fathers shines more bright in you :

*Anr.* In me a horror of my self you raise,  
 Curs'd by your Love, and blasted by your Praise.



on find new ways to prosecute my Fate;

and your least guilty Passion was your Hate.

*Nour.* I beg my death if you can Love deny.

*Aur.* I'll grant you nothing; no, not e'n to die.

*Nour.* Know then, you are not half so kind as I.

*Enter Muses, some with Swords drawn, one with a Cup.*

You've chosen, and may now repent too late.

Behold th' effect of what you wish'd; my Fate.

This Cup, a cure for both our Ills has brought.

You need not fear a Philtre in the Draught.

*Aur.* All must be poison which can come from thee.

But this the least criminal Liberty.

This first I pour—like dying Socrates;

Grim though he be, Death pleases when he tries.

*As he is going to Drink, Enter Morat attend.*

*Mor.* Make not such haste, you must my leisure stay.

Your Fate's deferr'd, you shall not die to day.

*Nour.* What foolish pity has possess'd your Mind,

To alter what your Prudence once design'd?

*Mor.* What if I please to lengthen out his Date

A Day, and take a pride to cozen Fate?

*Nour.* 'Till not be safe to let him live an hour.

*Mor.* I'll do't, to shew my Arbitrary Pow'r.

*Nour.* Fortune may take him from your hands again,

And you repeat th' occasion lost in vain.

*Mor.* I smile at what your Female fear foresees:

I'm in Fate's place, and dictate her Decrees.

Let *Arimant* be call'd.

*[Exit one of his Attendants.]*

*Aur.* Give me the poison, and I'll end your strife:

I hate to keep a poor precarious life.

Would I my safety on base terms receive,

Know, Sir, I could have liv'd without your leave.

But those I could accuse, I can forgive:

By my disdainful Silence, let 'em live.

*Nour.* What am I, that you dare to bind my hand?

*[To Mor.]*

So low! I've not a Murder at command!

Can you not one poor Life to her afford,

Her, who gave up whole Nations to your Sword?

And from th' abundance of whole Soul and Heat.

Th' overflowing fear'd to make your Mind so great.

*Mor.* What did that Greatness in a Woman's Mind?

Will lodg'd and weak to act what it design'd.

Pleasure's your Portion, and your slothful ease:

When Man's at leisure, study how to please.

*Soft*



'Soften his angry hours with servile care,  
And when he calls the ready Feast prepare,  
From Wars, and from affairs of State abstain:  
Women Emaculate a Monarch's Reign;  
And murmuring Clouds who see em shine with Gold,  
That pomp, as their own ravish'd Spoils behold.

*Non.* Rage chokes my words: 'tis Womanly to weep. [Aside.  
In my swoll'n Breast my close Revenge I'll keep  
I'll watch his tender sleep, and there strike deep.

*Aur.* Your strange proceeding does my words move;  
Yet seems not to express a Brother's Love.  
Say to what cause my friend's life is owe.

*Mor.* If what you ask would please, you should not know.  
But since that knowledge, more than Death, will grieve,  
Know, *Indamora* gain'd you this Rapture.

*Aur.* And whence had he the power to work your change?

*Mor.* The power of Beauty is not new or strange.  
Should she command me more, I could obey;  
But her Request was bound'd with a day.  
Take that: and, if you'll spare my farther Crime,  
Be kind, and grieve to death against your time.

*Arim.* Remove this Pris'ner to some safer place.  
He has, for *Indamora's* sake, found Grace;  
And, from my Mother's Rage must guarded be,  
Till you receive a new Command from me.

*Arim.* Thus Love, and Fortune, persecute me still,  
And make me Slave to every Rival's will. [Aside.

*Aur.* How I disdain a Life, which I must buy  
With your contempt, and her inconstancy;  
For a few hours, my whole content I pay.  
You shall not force on me another day. [Exit with Arimane.

*Enter Melinda.*

*Mel.* I have been seeking you this hours long space,  
And fear'd to find you in another place;  
But, since you'r here, my jealousy grows less:  
You will be kind to my unworthiness  
What shall I say, I love to that degree.  
Each glance another way is robb'd from me.  
Absence, and Prisons I could bear again;  
But sink, and die, beneath your least disdain.

*Mor.* Why do you give your Mind this needless care,  
And, for your self, and me, new pains prepare?  
I ne'r approv'd this Passion in excess:  
If you would shew your Love, distrust me less.  
I hate to be pursu'd from place to place:  
Meet, at each turn, a stale domestick Face.

*The approach*

The approach of Jealousie Love cannot bear,  
He's wild, and soon on wing, if watchful Eye come near.

Mel. From your lov'd Presence, how can I depart?  
My Eyes pursue the object of my Heart.

Mor. You talk as if it were our Bridal Night,  
Fondness is still the first of new Delight,  
And Marriage but the pleasure of a Day,  
The Metal's base, the Gilding worn away.

Mel. I fear I'm guilty of some great offence,  
And that has bred this cold indifference.

Mor. The greatest in the World, so plain and plain,  
You fondly love much longer than you should.

Mel. If that be all which makes your discontent  
Of such a Crime I never can repent.

Mor. Would you force Love upon me, which I shun?  
And bring course Fare, when Appetite is gone?

Mel. Why did I not die sooner, if I could,  
My fatal freedom made me suffer more?

I had been pleas'd to think I liv'd for you,  
And doubly pleas'd because you shew'd me true.

Then I had hope, but now alas, have none,  
Mor. You say you love me; let that Love be shown.

'Tis in your power to make me happy,  
Mel. Speak quickly, to command me to be free.

Mor. To Indamora you my Suit must move,  
You'll sure speak kindly of the Man you love.

Mel. Oh! rather let me perish by your hand,  
Than break my Heart, by this unkind Command.

Think 'tis the only one I could deny,  
And that 'tis harder to refuse than die.

Try, if you please, my Rival's Heart to win;  
I'll bear the pain, but not promote the sin.

You own what 't' perfections Man can boast,  
And if the view you with my Eyes be'st.

Mor. Here I renounce all Love, all Nuptial ties;  
Henceforward live a stranger to my Eyes.

When I appear, see you avoid my Face,  
And haunt me not with that unlucky Face.

Mel. Hard, as it is, I this command obey,  
And haste, while I have life, to go away.

In pity stay some hours, till I am dead,  
That blameless you may cover my Rival's Bed.

My hated Face I'll not presume to show,  
Yet I may watch your steps where e'er you go.

Unseen, and breathless, and with my latest breath,  
Bless, while I die, the Author of my death.

Enter

*Emp.* When your Triumphant Fortune high appears,  
What Cause can draw these unbecoming Tears?  
Let cheerfulness on happy Fortune wait,  
And give not thus the Counter-time to Fate.

*Mel.* Fortune long frow'd, and has but lately smil'd;  
I doubt a Foe so newly reconcil'd.  
You saw but Sorrow in its wailing Form,  
A working Sea, remaining from a Storm;  
When the now weary Waves roll o'er the deep,  
And faintly murmur, & they fall asleep.

*Emp.* Your inward Griefs you smother in your Mind;  
But Fame's loud Voice proclaims your Lord unkind.

*Mor.* Let Fame be busy where she has to do:  
Tell of fought Fields, and every pompous show.  
Those Tales are fit to fill the Peoples Ears;  
Monarch's unquestion'd, move in higher Spheres.

*Mel.* Believe not Rumor; but your self, and see  
The kindness 'twixt my plighted Lord and me. [*Kissing Mor.*]  
This is our State; thus happily we live.  
These are the Quarrels which we take and give.  
(*Afide to Mor.*) I had no other way to forced Kiss.  
Forgive my last farewell to you, and Bliss. [*Exit.*]

*Emp.* Your haughty carriage shews too much of Scorn;  
And Love, like hers, deserves not that return.

*Mor.* You'll please to leave me Judge of what I do,  
And not examine by the outward show.  
Your usage of my Mother might be good:  
I judge it not.

*Emp.* ——— Nor was it fit you should.

*Mor.* Then, in as equal Ballance weigh my Deeds.

*Emp.* My Right, and my Authority, exceeds  
Suppose (what I'll not grant) Injustice done;  
Is judging me the Duty of a Son?

*Mor.* Not of a Son, but of an Emperor;  
You cancell'd Duty when you gave me power.  
If your own Actions on your Will you ground,  
Mine shall hereafter know no other bound.  
What meant you when you call'd me to a Throne?  
Was it to please me with a Name alone?

*Emp.* 'Twas that I thought your Gratitude would know  
What to my partial Kindness you did owe;  
That what your Birth did to your Claim deny,  
Your merit of Obedience might supply.

*Mor.* To your own thoughts such hope you might propose;  
But I took Empire not on terms like those.

Of business you complain'd ; now take your ease :  
 Enjoy what e'er decrep'd Age can please :  
 Eat, Sleep, and tell long Tales of what you were  
 In flow'r of Youth, if any one will hear.

*Emp.* Pow'r like new Wine, does your weak Brain surprize,  
 And its mad fumes, in hot discourses, rise ;  
 But time these giddy Vapours will remove ;  
 Mean while I'll taste the sober joys of Love.

*Mor.* You cannot love, nor pleasures take, or give ;  
 But Life begin, when 'tis too late to live ;  
 On a tired Courser you pursue delight,  
 Let slip your Morning, and set out at Night.  
 If you have liv'd, take thankfully the past :  
 Make, as you can, the sweet remembrance last.  
 If you have not enjoy'd what Youth could give,  
 But Life sunk through you like a leaky Sieve,  
 Accuse your self you liv'd not while you might ;  
 But, in the Captive Queen resign your Right.  
 I've now resolv'd to fill your useless place ;  
 I'll take that Post to cover your disgrace,  
 And love her for the honour of my Race.

*Emp.* Thou dost but try how far I can forbear,  
 Nor art that Monster which thou wouldst appear ;  
 But do not wantonly my passion move ;  
 I pardon nothing that relates to Love ;  
 My Fury does like jealous Furies pursue  
 With death, ev'n Strangers who but come to view.

*Mor.* I did not only view, but will invade ;  
 Could you shed Venom from your Reverend Shade,  
 Like Trees, beneath whose Arms 'tis death to sleep :  
 Did rouling Thunder your fenc'd Fortress keep,  
 Thence would I snatch my *Senile*, like *Jove*,  
 And midst the dreadful wrack enjoy my Love.

*Emp.* Have I for this, ungrateful as thou art,  
 When Right, when Nature, straggled in my Heart ;  
 When Heav'n call'd on me for thy Brother's claim,  
 Broke all, and sulli'd my unsported Fame ?  
 Wert thou to Empire, by my baseness brought,  
 And wouldst thou ravish what is dear I bought,  
 Dear ! For my Conscience and its Peace I gave ;  
 Why was my Reason made my Passions Slave ?  
 I see Heaven's Justice ; thus the Powers Divine  
 Pay Crimes with Crimes, and punish mine by thine.

*Mor.* Crimes let them pay, and punish as they please :  
 What Pow'r makes mine, by Pow'r I mean to seize.  
 Since 'tis to that they their own greatness owe  
 Above, why should they question mine below ?

[Exit.  
*Emp.*



*Emp.* Prudence, thou vainly in our Youth art sought;  
And with Age purchas'd Art too dearly bought;  
We're past the use of Wit, for which we toil;  
Late Fruit, and planted in too cold a Soil.  
My stock of Fame is lavish'd and decay'd;  
No profit of the vast profusion made.  
Too late my Folly I repent; I knew  
My *Aureng-Zebe* would ne'er have us'd me so.  
But, by his ruine I prepar'd my own;  
And, like a naked Tree, my shelter gone,  
To Winds and Winter-storms, must stand expos'd alone. *[Exit]*

*Arim.* Give me not Thanks, which which I will ne'er deserve;  
But know, 'tis for a Nobler Price I serve;  
By *Indamora's* Will you're hither brought;  
All my reward, in her command I sought.  
The rest your Letters tell you—*See, like light,*  
She comes, and I must vanish, like the Night. *[Exit]*

*Enter Indamora.*

*Ind.* 'Tis now that I begin to live again  
Heav'n's, I forgive you all my fear and pain:  
Since I behold my *Aureng-Zebe* appear,  
I could not buy him at a price too dear.  
His name alone afforded me relief,  
Repeated as a Charm to cure my grief.  
I that lov'd Name did, as some God, invoke,  
And printed Kisses on it while I spoke.

*Aur.* Short ease; but long, long pains from you I find,  
Health, to my Eyes; but Poison, to my Mind.  
Why are you made so excellently fair?  
So much above what other Beauties are,  
That, ev'n in cursing, you new form my Breath,  
And make me bless those Eyes, which give me death?

*Ind.* What reason for your Curses can you find?  
My Eyes your Conquest, not your Death design'd;  
If they offend, 'tis that they are too kind.

*Aur.* The ruines they have wrought, you will not see:  
Too kind they are, indeed, but not to me.

*Ind.* Think you basely, that I, like mine, can sway?  
Or that, for Greatness, I can Love betray?  
No, *Aureng-Zebe*, you merit all my Heart;  
And I'm too Noble but to give a part.  
Your Father, and an Empire! am I known  
No more? or have so weak a judgment shown,  
In chusing you, to change you for a Throne?

*[Exit]*  
*[Exit]*



*Aur.* How, with a Truth, who would a Falshood blind!  
'Tis not my Father's Love you have design'd;  
Your Choice is fix'd where Youth and Pow'r are joyn'd.

*Ind.* Where Youth and Pow'r are joyn'd? has he a name?

*Aur.* You would be told; you glory in your shame:  
There's Musick in the Sound; and, to provoke  
Your pleasure more, by me it must be spoke.  
Then, then it ravishes, when your pleas'd Ear  
The sound does from a wretched Rival hear.

*Morat's* the name your Heart leaps up to meet.  
While *Aureng-Zebe* lies dying at your Feet.

*Ind.* Who told you this?

*Aur.* — Are you so lost to shame?

*Morat, Morat, Morat:* You love the name  
So well, your e'ry question ends in that;  
You force me still to answer you, *Morat*.

*Morat*, who best could tell what you reveal'd;

*Morat*, too proud to keep his joy conceal'd.

*Ind.* Howe'r unjust your jealousy appear,  
It shews the loss, of what you love, you fear;  
And does my Pity, not my Anger move:

I'll fond it, as the froward Child of Love.

To shew the truth of my unalter'd Breast,

Know, that your Life was given at my Request:

At least Repriev'd. When Heav'n deny'd you aid:

She brought it, She, whose Falshood you upbraid.

*Aur.* And 'tis by that you would your Falshood hide,

Had you not ask'd, how happy had I dy'd!

Accurst Reprieve! Nor to prolong my Breath,

It brought a lingring, and more painful death.

I have not liv'd since first I heard the news;

The Gift the guilty Giver does accuse,

You knew the price, and the Request did move,

That you might pay the Ransom with your Love.

*Ind.* Your accusation must, I see, take place;

And I am guilty, infamous, and base!

*Aur.* If you are false, those Epithets are small;

You're then the things, the abstract of 'em all.

And you are false: you promis'd him your Love.

No other price a Heart so hard could move.

Do not I know him? Could his Brutal Mind

Be wrought upon? Could he be Just, or Kind

Insultingly, he made your Love his boast;

Gave me my Life, and told me what it cost.

Speak; Answer. I would fain yet think you true;

Lie; and I'll not believe my self, but you.

Tell me you love ; I'll pardon the deceit,  
And, to be fool'd ; my self assist the cheat.

*Ind.* No ; 'tis too late : I have no more to say  
If you'll believe I have been false, you may.

*Ans.* I would not ; but your Crimes too plain appear,  
Nay, even that I should think you true, you fear.  
Did I not tell you, I would be deceiv'd ?

*Ind.* I'm not concern'd to have my Truth believ'd,  
You would be cozen'd ! would assist the cheat !  
But I'm too plain to joyn in the deceit :  
I'm pleas'd you think me false ———

And, whatsoe'r my Letter did pretend,  
I made this meeting for no other end.

*Ans.* Kill me not quite, with this indifference ;  
When you are guiltless, boast not an offence.

I know you better than your self you know :  
Your Heart was true, but did some frailty show :

You promis'd him your Love, that I might live ;  
But promis'd what you never meant to give,  
Speak, was't not so ? confess ; I can forgive ?

*Ind.* Forgive, what dull excuses you prepare !  
As if your Thoughts of me were worth my care.

*Ans.* Ah Traitors ! Ah Ingrate ! Ah Faithless Mind !  
Ah Sex, invented first to damn Mankind !

Nature took care to dress you up for Sin :  
Adorn'd, without ; unfaith'd left, within.

Hence, by no Judgment you your Loves direct ;  
Talk much, ne'er think, and still the wrong effect.

So much Self-love in your compasses mix'd,  
That Love to others still remain unfix'd :

Greatness, and Noise, and Show, are your delight ;  
Yet Wise Men, love in their own despite :

And, finding in their Native Wit no ease,  
Are forc'd to put your folly on to please.

*Ind.* Now you shall know what cause you have to rage ;  
But to increase your fury, not allwage :

I found the way your Brother's Heart to move,  
Yet promis'd not the least return of Love.

His Pride, and Brutal fierceness I abhor ;  
But scorn your mean suspicions of me more.

I ow'd my Honour and my Fame this care :  
Know what your Folly lost you, and despair.

*Ans.* Too cruelly your Innocence you tell. *Turning from him.*  
Show Heav'n, and damn me to the pit of Hell.

Now I believe you ; 'tis not yet too late :  
You may forgive, and put a stop to Fate :

Save, just sinking, and no more to rise.  
 How can you look with such relentless Eyes?  
 Or let your Mind by penitence be mov'd,  
 Or I'm resolv'd to think you never lov'd,  
 You are not clear'd, unless your Mercy speak:  
 I'll think you took the occasion thus to break.

*Ind.* Small jealousies, 'tis true, inflame Desire,  
 Too great, not fan, but quite blow out the Fire:  
 Yet I did love you, till such pains I bore,  
 That I durst trust my self, and you no more.  
 Let me not love you; but here end my pain:  
 Distrust may make me wretched once again.  
 Now, with full Sails, into the Port I move,  
 And safely can unlade my Breast of Love;  
 Quiet, and calm: Why should I then go back,  
 To tempt the second hazard of a Wreck?

*Aur.* Behold these dying Eyes, see their submissive awe:  
 These Tears, which fear of death could never draw:  
 Heard you that sigh? from my heav'd Heart it pass,  
 And said, if you forgive not, 'tis my last.  
 Love mounts, and roils about my stormy Mind,  
 Like fire, that's born, by a tempestuous Wind.  
 Oh, I could stifle you, with eager haste:  
 Devour your Kisses with my hungry taste!  
 Rush on you! Eat you! wander o'er each part,  
 Raving with pleasure, watch you to my heart!  
 Then hold you off, and gaze: then, with new rage,  
 Invaide you, till my conscious Limbs preface  
 Torrents of Joy, which all their Banks o'er flow.  
 So lost, so blest, as I but then could know!

*Ind.* Be no more jealous, *Going him by Hand.*

*Aur.* — Give me cause no more:

The danger's greater after, than before,  
 If I relapse; to cure my jealousy  
 Let me, (for that's the easiest parting) die.

*Ind.* My Life!

*Aur.* — My Soul!

*Ind.* — My All that Heav'n can give!

Death's Life with you: without you, Death to live.

*Arim.* Oh, we are lost! beyond all humane Aid!

The Citadel is to Morat betray'd;

The Traitor and the Treason, know too late;

The false *Abas* deliver'd up the Gate:

Ev'n, while I speak, we're compass'd round with Fate.

The Valiant cannot fight, or Coward flee;

But both undistinguish'd Crouds must die.

*Aur.*

*Aur.* Then my Prophetick fears are come to pass:  
*Morat* was always bloody; now, he's base:  
 And has so far in Usurpation gone,  
 He will by Parricide secure the Throne.

*Tell them the Emperor.*

*Emp.* Am I forsaken, and betray'd, by all?  
 Not one brave Man dare, with a Monarch, fall:  
 Then, welcome Death, to cover my Disgrace;  
 I would not live to Reign o'er such a Race,  
 My *Aureng-Zebe*!

*[Seeing Aureng-Zebe.]*

But thou no more at mine; my cruelty  
 Has quite destroy'd the Right I had in thee.  
 I have been base,  
 Base, ev'n to him from whom I did receive  
 All that a Son could to a Parent give:  
 Behold me punish'd in the self-same kind,  
 Th'ungrateful does a more ungrateful find.

*Aur.* Accuse your self no more; you could not be  
 Ungrateful: could permit no Crime to me:  
 I only mourn my yet uncancell'd score:  
 You put me past the pow'r of paying more:  
 That, that's my grief, that I can only grieve,  
 And bring but pity, where I would relieve.  
 For had I yet Ten thousand Lives to pay,  
 The mighty Sum should go no other way.

*Emp.* Can you forgive me, 'tis not fit you should.  
 Why will you be so excellently good?  
 'Twill stick too black a brand upon my name:  
 The Sword is needless; I shall die with shame.  
 What had my Age to do with Love's delight,  
 Shut out from all enjoyments but the Sight?

*Arim.* Sir, you forget the dangers imminent:  
 This minute is not for excuses lent.

*Emp.* Disturb me not —  
 How can my latest Hours be better spent?  
 To reconcile my self to him is more,  
 Than to regain all I possess'd before.  
 Empire, and Life are now not worth a Pray'r:  
 His Love, alone, deserves my dying Care.

*Aur.* Fighting for you, my death will glorious be.

*Ind.* Seek to preserve yourself, and live for me.

*Arim.* Lose then no farther time:  
 Heav'n has inspir'd me with a sudden Thought,  
 Whence your unhop'd for safety may be wrought,  
 Though with the hazard of my Blood is bought.



But, since my Life can ne'r be fortunate,  
'Tis so much sorrow well redeem'd from Fate.  
You, Madam, must retire;  
Your Beauty is its own security.  
And leave the conduct of the rest to me:  
Glory will Crown my Life, if I succeed;  
If not, she may afford to love me dead.

*Ans.* My Father's kind, and Madam, you forgive:  
Were Heav'n so pleas'd, I now could wish to live.  
And, I shall live.  
With Glory, and with Love, at once I burn:  
I feel th' inspiring heat, and absent God return.

## ACT V.

*Indamora, alone.*

**T**HE Night seems doubled with the fear she brings,  
And, o'er the Cittadel new spreads her wings.  
The Morning, as mistaken, turns about,  
And all her early Fires again go out.  
Shouts, Cries, and Groans, first pierce my Ears, and then  
A flash of Lightning draws the guilty Scene.  
And shews me Arms, and Wounds, and Dying Men.  
Ah, should my *Auring-Zebe* be fighting there,  
And envious Winds distinguish'd to my Ear,  
His dying Groans, and his last accents bear

*To her Morat attended.*

*Mor.* The bloody business of the Night is done,  
And, in the Cittadel, an Empire won.  
Our Swords so wholly did the Fates employ,  
That they, at length, grew weary to destroy:  
Refus'd the work we brought; and, out of breath,  
Made Sorrow and Despair attend for Death.  
But what of all my Conquest can I boast?  
My haughty pride, before your Eyes, is lost:  
And Victor but gains me to present  
That Homage which our Eastern World has sent.

*Ind.* Your Victory, alas, begets my tears:  
Can you not then triumph without my tears?  
Resolve me: ) for you know my destiny  
In *Auring-Zebe's* (say, do I live, or die?)

*Mr.* Urg'd by my Love, by hope of Empire fir'd:  
Tis true, I have perform'd what both requir'd:

What



What Fate decreed, for when great Souls are giv'n,  
They bear the marks of Sovereignty from Heav'n,  
My Elder Brothers my fore-runners came;  
Rough draughts of Nature, ill-design'd, and lame:  
Blown off, like Blossoms never made to bear,  
Till I came, finish'd; her last labour'd Care.

*Ind.* This Prologue leads to your succeeding Sin:  
Blond ended what Ambition did begin.

*Mor.* 'Twas rumor'd, but by whom I cannot tell,  
My Father scap'd from out the Cittadel:  
My Brother too may live.

*Ind.* — He may.

*Mor.* — He must:

I kill'd him not, and a less Fate's unjust,  
Heav'n owes it me, that I may fill his room;  
A Phoenix-Lover, rising from his Tomb,  
In whom you'll lose your Sorrows for the Dead;  
More warm, more fierce, and fitter for your Bed.

*Ind.* Should I from *Aureng-Zeb's* my Heart divide,  
To love a Monster, and a Parricide?  
These Names your swelling Titles cannot hide.  
Severe Decrees may keep our Tongues in awe:  
But to our Thoughts, what Edict can give Law?  
Ev'n you your self, to your own Breast, shall tell  
Your Crimes: and your own Conscience be your Hell.

*Mor.* What business has my Conscience with a Crown?  
She sinks in pleasures, and in Bowls will drown.  
If Mirth should fail, I'll busy her with Cares,  
Silence her clamorous Voice with louder Wars:  
Trumpets and Drums shall fright her from the Throne,  
As sounding Cymbals and the labring Moon.

*Ind.* Repell'd by these, more eager she will grow,  
Spring back more strongly than a *Scythian* Bow:  
Amidst your Train, this unseen Judge will wait,  
Examine how you came by all your State,  
Upraid your impious pomp; and, in your Ear,  
Will hollow, Rebel, Tyrant, Murderer.  
Your ill got pow'r, wan Looks and Care shall bring:  
Known but by Discontent to be a King.  
Of Crouds afraid, yet anxious when alone:  
You'll sit and brood your Sorrows on a Throne.

*Mor.* Birthright's a vulgar road to Ringle sway,  
Tis every dull got Elder Brother's way.  
Dropt from above, he lights into a Throne,  
Grows of a piece with that he sits upon,  
Heav'n's choice, a low, inglorious, rightfut Drone.

But who by force a Scepter does obtain,  
Shows he can Govern that which he could gain.  
Right comes of course, whate'er he was before;  
Murder and Usurpation are no more.

*Ind.* By your own Laws you such Dominion make:  
As ev'ry stronger Pow'r has right to take:  
And Parricide will so deform your Name,  
That dispossessing you will give a claim.  
Who next Usurps, will a just Prince appear;  
So much your ruine will his Reign endear.

*Mor.* I without guilt would mount the Royal Seat;  
But yet 'tis necessary to be Great.

*Ind.* All Greatness is in Virtue understood:  
'Tis only necessary to be good.

Tell me, what is't at which great Spirits aim,  
What most your self desire?

*Mor.* — Renown, and Fame,  
And Pow'r, as uncontroll'd as is my Will.

*Ind.* How you confound desires of Good and Ill!  
For true Renown is still with Virtue joyn'd;  
But lust of Pow'r lets loose the unbridl'd Mind.  
Yours is a Soul irregularly Great,  
Which wanting Temper, yet abounds with heat:  
So strong, yet so unequal Pulses beat.  
As Sun which does, through Vapours dimly shine:  
What pity 'tis you are not all Divine!  
New molded, thorow lighten'd, and a Breast  
So pure, to bear the last severest Test;  
Fit to command an Empire you should gain  
By Virtue, and without a Blush to Reign.

*Mor.* You show me somewhat I ne'er learnt before;  
But 'tis the distant prospect of a Shore,  
Doubtful in Mists; which, like enchanted Ground,  
Flies from my Sight, before 'tis fully found.

*Ind.* Dare to be Great, without a guilty Crown;  
View it, and lay the bright temptation down:  
'Tis base to seize on all, because you may;  
That's Empire, that which I can give away:  
There's joy when to wild Will you Laws prescribe,  
When you bid Fortune carry back her Bride:  
A joy, which none but greatest Minds can taste;  
A Fame which will to endless Ages last.

*Mor.* Renown, and Fame, in vain, I courted long;  
And still purf'd 'em, though directed wrong.  
In hazard, and in toils, I heard they lay;  
Sail'd farther than the Coast, but miss'd my way:

Now you have given me Virtue for my guide;  
And, with true Honour, ballasted my Pride:  
Unjust Dominion I no more pursue;  
I quit all other claims but those to you.

*Ind.* Oh be not just to halves; pay all you owe:  
Think there's a debt to *Molefida* too;  
To leave no blemish on your after life;  
Reward the Virtue of a suffering Wife.

*Mor.* To love once past, I cannot backward move;  
Call yesterday again, and I may love.  
Twas not for nothing I the Crown resign'd;  
Still must own a Mercenary Mind:  
In this venture, double gains pursue,  
And laid out all my stock to purchase you.

*To them Asaph Chan.*

Now, what success? Does *Aureng-Zeb* yet live?  
*Asaph.* Fortune has given you all that she can give;  
Your Brother —

*Mor.* — Hold; thou shew'st an impious joy,  
And think'st I still take pleasure to destroy:  
Know, I am chang'd, and would not have him slain.

*Asaph.* 'Tis past; and you desire his Life in vain.  
He prodigal of Soul, rush'd on the stroke  
Of lifted Weapons; and did Wounds provoke:  
In scorn of Night, he would not be conceal'd;  
His Soldiers where he fought his Name reveal'd:  
In thickest Crouds still *Aureng-Zeb* did found;  
The vaulted Roofs did *Aureng-Zeb* rebound;  
Till late, and in his Fall, the Name was drown'd.

*Ind.* Whither that Hand which brought him to his Fate,  
And blasted be the Tongue which did relate.

*Asaph.* His Body —

*Mor.* — Cease to inhance her misery!  
Pity the Queen, and show respect to me.

'Tis every Painters Art to hide from sight,  
And cast in shades, what seen would not delight.  
Your grief, in me such sympathy has bred.  
I mourn; and wish I could recal the dead.  
Love softens me; and blows up Fires, which pass  
Through my tough Heart; and melt the stubborn Mass.

*Ind.* Break, Heart; or choak, with sobs, my hated Breath;  
Do thy own work: admit no foreign Death.  
Alas! Why do I make this useless moan?  
I'm dead already, for my Soul is gone.

[To her.]

To them Mir Baba.

*Mir.* What Tongue the terror of this Night can tell,  
Within, without, and round the Cittadel  
A new form'd Faction does your pow'r oppose;  
The Fight's confus'd, and all who meet are Foes:  
A Second clamour from the Town, we hear;  
And the far noise so loud, it drowns the near.  
*Abas*, who seem'd our Friend, is either fled;  
Or, what we fear, our Enemies does head:  
Your frighted Soldiers scarce their ground maintain.

*Mor.* I thank their fury; we shall fight again:  
They rouse my rage; I'm eager to subdue:  
'Tis fatal to withhold my Eies from you. *[Ex. with the two Omrahs.*

*Enter Melesinda.*

*Mel.* Can Misery no place of safety know?  
The noise pursues me wherefoe'er I go,  
As Fate sought only me, and where I fled,  
Aim'd all its Darts at my Devoted Head.  
And let it; I am now past care of Life;  
The last of Women; an abandon'd Wife.

*Ind.* Whether Design or Chance has brought you here,  
I stand oblig'd to Fortune or to Fear:  
Weak Women should, in danger, herd like Deer,  
But say, from whence this new combustion springs?  
Are there yet more *Morats*'s? more fighting Kings?

*Mel.* Him from his Mother's Love your Eyes divide,  
And now her Arms the cruel strife decide.

*Ind.* What strange misfortunes my vex'd Life attend?  
Death will be kind and all my Sorrows end.  
If *Nourmahal* prevail, I know my Fate.

*Mel.* I pity, as my own, your hard Estate;  
But what can my weak Charity afford?  
I have no longer Int'rest in my Lord:  
Nor in his Mother, He: she owns her hate  
Aloud, and would her self usurp the State.

*Ind.* I'm stupif'd with Sorrow, past relief  
Of Tears, parch'd up, and wither'd with my grief.

*Mel.* Dry mourning will decay more deadly bring,  
As a North Wind burns a too forward Spring.  
Give Sorrow vent, and let the Slaves go.

*Ind.* My Tears are all congeal'd, and will not flow.

*Mel.* Have Comfort; yield not to the blows of Fate.

*Ind.* Comfort, like Cordials after death, comes late.  
Name not so vain a word; my hopes are fled:  
Think your *Morat* were kind, and think him dead.

*Mel.* I can no more



Can no more Arguments for Comfort find :  
Your boding words have quite o'er-whelm'd my Mind.

[ *Clattering of Weapons within.* ]

*Ind.* The noise increases, as the Billows roar,  
When rolling from afar, they threat the Shore.

She comes; and feeble Nature now I find  
Shrinks back in danger, and forsakes my Mind.

I wish to Die, yet dare not Death endure;

Detest the Med'cine, yet desire the Cure;

I would have Death; but mild, and at Command:

I dare not trust him in anothers hand.

In *Nourmahal's*, he would not mine appear

But arm'd with Terror, and disguis'd with Fear.

*Mel.* Beyond this place you can have no retreat:

Stay here, and I the Danger will repeat.

I fear not Death, because my Life I hate:

And envious Death will shun th'unfortunate.

*Ind.* You must not venture.

*Mel.* Let me: I may do

My self a kindness, in obliging you.

In your lov'd Name, I'll seek my angry Lord;

And beg your safety from his conqu'ring Sword:

So his protection all your Fears will ease,

And I shall see him once, and not displease.

[ *Exit.* ]

*Ind.* O wretched Queen! what Pow'r thy Life can Save?

A Stranger, and Unfriend'd, and a Slave!

*Enter Nourmahal, Zayda, and Abas, with Soldiers.*

Alas, she's here!

[ *Indamora withdraws to the inner part of the Scene.* ]

*Nour.* Heartless they fought, and quitted soon their ground;

While ours with ease Victory were Crown'd.

To you, *Abas*, my Life and Empire too,

And, what's yet dearer, my Revenge, I owe.

*Abas.* The vain *Morat*, by his own rashness wrought,

Too soon discover'd his ambitious thought;

Believ'd me his, because I spoke him fair,

And pitch'd his Head into the ready snare:

Hence 'twas I did his Troops at first admit,

But such, whose numbers could no fears beget;

By them the Emperor's Party first I slew,

Then turn'd my Arms the Victors to subdue.

*Nour.* Now let the head-strong Boy my Will controul:

Virtue's no Slave of Man; no Sex confines the Soul:

I, for my self, th'Imperial Seat will gain,

And he shall wait my leisure for his Reign.

But *Aurenge-Zebe* is no where to be found.

And



And now perhaps in Death's cold Arms he lies:  
I fought, and conquer'd, yet have lost the Prize.

*Zayd.* The chance of War determin'd well the strife;  
That rack'd you, 'twixt the Lover and the Wife:  
He's dead, whose Love had fill'd all your Reign,  
And made you Empress of the World in vain.

*Nour.* No; I my Pow'r and Pleasure would divide:  
The Drudge had quench'd my Flames, and then had Dy'd:  
I rage, to think without that Bliss I live,  
That I could wish what Fortune would not give;  
But, what Love cannot, Vengeance must supply;  
She, who hencev' came of his Heart shall die.

*Zayd.* I'll search, far distant hence she cannot be. [Goes in.]

*Nour.* This wondrous Master-piece I fain would see;  
This fatal *Helen* who can Wars inspire,  
Make Kings her Slave, and set the World on fire.  
My Husband, lock'd his Jewel from my view;  
Or durst not set the false one by the true.

*Re-enter Zayda leading Indamora.*

*Zayd.* Your frightened Captive, e'r she dies, receive;  
Her Soul's just going else, without your leave.

*Nour.* A fairer Creature did my Eyes ne'r see!  
Sure she was form'd by Heav'n in spite to me!  
Some Angel Copy'd, while I slept, each Grace,  
And mold'd ev'ry Feature from my Face:  
Such Majesty does from her Forehead rise,  
Her Cheeks such Blushes cast, such Rays her Eyes,  
Nor I, nor Envy, can a blemish find.  
The Palace is, without, too well design'd;  
Conduct me in, for I will view thy Mind.  
Speak, if thou hast a Soul, that I may see. [To her.]

*Ind.* My Tears and Miseries must plead my Cause, [Kneeling.]  
My Words, the terror of your Presence awes:  
Mortals, in sight of Angels, mute become,  
The nobler Nature, strikes th' inferior dumb.

*Nour.* The Palm is, by the Poet's confession, mine;  
But I disdain, what basely you resign:  
Heav'n did, by me, the outward Model build:  
Its inward work, the Soul, with rubbish fill'd.  
Yet, Oh; th'imperfect piece moves more delight:  
'Tis gild'd o'er with Youth, to catch the sight.  
The Gods have poorly robb'd my Virgin bloom,  
And what I am by what I was o'ercome:  
Traitors, restore my Beauty and my Charms.  
Nor steal my Conquests with my proper Arms.

*Ind.*

*Ind.* What have I done, thus to inflame your hate?  
I am not guilty but unfortunate.

*Nour.* Not guilty, when thy looks my power betray;  
Seduce Mankind, my Subjects from my Sway;  
Take all my Hearts, and all my Eyes away?  
My Husband first, but that I could forgive;  
He only mov'd, and talk'd, but did not live!  
My *Aureng-Zeb*, for I dare own the name,  
The glorious Sin, and the more glorious flame;  
Him, from my Beauty, have thy Eyes mislead;  
And starv'd the joys of my expected Bed.

*Ind.* His Love, so fought, he's happy that he's dead.  
O had I courage but to meet my Fate;  
That short dark passage to a future state;  
That melancholy Riddle of a Breath.

*Nour.* That something, or that nothing, after Death;  
Take this, and teach thy self. *[Giving a Dagger.]*

*Ind.* Alas!

*Nour.* — Why dost thou shake?  
Dishonour not the Vengeance I design'd;  
A Queen, and own a base Plebian Mind!  
Let it drink deep in thy most vital part;  
Strike home, and do me reason in thy heart.

*Ind.* I dare not.

*Nour.* — Do't, while I stand by and see,  
At my full gust, without the drudgery.  
I love a Foe, who dares my stroke prevent,  
Who gives me the full Scene of my content,  
Shows me the flying Soul's convulsive strike,  
And all the anguish of departing Life;  
Disdain my Mercy, and my Rage defie;  
Curse me with thy last Breath; and make me fee;  
A Spirit worthy to have Rival'd me.

*Ind.* Oh, I desire to die, but dare not yet;  
Give me some respite, I'll discharge the debt.  
Without my *Aureng-Zeb* I would not live.

*Nour.* Thine, Traitors! thine, that word has wing'd thy Fate,  
And put me past the tedious forms of Hate.  
I'll kill thee with such eagerness and haste,  
As Fiends, let loose, would lay all Nature waste.

*[Indamora runs back, and Nourmahal is running to her.]*  
*[Clashing of Swords is heard within.]*

*Sold.* Yield, y're overpowered; resistance is in vain. *[Within.]*

*Mor.* Then death's my choice: submission I disdain. *[Within.]*

*Nour.* Retire, you Slaves; Ah whither does he run?  
On pointed Swords? Disarm, but Save my Son.

*Enter*

*Enter Morat staggering, and upheld by Soldiers.*

*Mor.* She lives! and I shall see her once again!  
I have not thrown away my Life in vain.

*(Catches hold of Indamora's Gown, and falls by her. She lies.)*

I can no more; yet, ev'n in Death, I find  
My fainting Body byas'd by my Mind:  
I fall toward you, still my contending Soul  
Points to your Breast, and trembles to its Pole.

*To them Melesinda, hastily, casting her self on the other side of Morat.*

*Mel.* Ah wo, wo, wo! the worst of woes I find  
Live still: Oh Live, ev'n to be unkind.  
With halfe shut Eyes he seeks the doubtful day;  
But, ah! he bends his sight another way.  
He faints! and in that Sigh his Soul is gone;  
Yet Heaven's unmov'd, yet Heav'n looks careless on.

*Nour.* Where are those Pow'rs which Monarchs should defend?  
Or do they vain Authority pretend,  
O'er humane Fates, and their weak Empire show,  
Which cannot guard their Images below?  
If, as their Image, he was not Divine,  
They ought to have respected him as mine.  
I'll waken them with my Revenge; and she  
Their Indamora shall my Victim be,  
And helpless Heav'n shall mourn in vain, like me.

*(As she is going to stab Indamora, Morat*

*Mor.* Ah, what are we, *(raises himself, and holds her hand.)*  
Who dare maintain with Heav'n this wretched strife;  
Pufft with the pride of Heav'n's own Gift, frail Life  
That blast which my ambitious Spirit swell'd,  
See by how weak a Tenure it was held!  
I only stay to save the Innocent:  
Oh envy not my Soul its last content.

*Ind.* No, let me die; I'm doubly summon'd now;  
First, by my *Aureng-Zebe*; and, since, by you:  
My Soul grows hardy, and can Death endure;  
Your Convoy makes the dangerous way secure.

*Mel.* Let me, at least, a Funeral Marriage crave;  
Nor grudge my cold Embraces in the Grave.  
I have too just a Title in the strife;  
By me, unhappy me, he lost his Life:  
I call'd him hither; 'twas my fatal Breath,  
And this Screech Owl that proclaim'd his Death.

*Abu.* What new Alarms are these? I'll hast, and see.

*Nour.*

*Nour.* Look up, and Live: an Empire shall be thine: I

*Mor.* That I condemn'd, ev'n when I thought it mine. [To Indamora]

Oh, I must yield to my hard Destinies,  
And must for ever cease to see your Eyes.

*Mel.* Ah turn your sight to me my dearest Lord!

Can you not one, one parting Look afford?

Ev'n so unkind in Death? but 'tis in vain

I lose my Breath, and to the Winds complain:

Yet 'tis as much in vain your cruel Scorn;

Still I can love, without this last return.

Nor Fate, nor you, can my vow'd Faith controul;

Dying, I'll follow your disdainful Soul:

A Ghost, I'll haunt your Ghost; and, where you go,

With mournful Murmurs fill the Plains below.

*Mor.* Be happy, *Melesinda*, cease to grieve,

And, for a more deserving Husband, Live:

Can you forgive me?

*Mel.* Can I? Oh my Heart!

Have I heard one kind word before I part?

I can, I can forgive: is that a task

To love, like mine? Are you so good to ask?

One Kiss——Oh 'tis too great a Blessing this;

I would not live to violate the Bliss.

*Re-enter Abas.*

*Abas.* Some envious Devil has ruin'd us yet more:

The Fort's revolted to the Emperor;

The Gates are open'd, the Portcullis drawn;

And deluges of Armies from the Town

Come pow'ring in: I heard the mighty flaw,

When first it broke; the crowding Ensigns saw,

Which choak'd the passage; and, (what least I fear'd,)

The waving Arms of *Aureng-Zebe* appear'd,

Displai'd with your *Morai's*:

In either's Flag the Golden Serpents bear,

Erected Crests alike, like Volumes rear

And mingle friendly hissings in the Air.

Their Troops are join'd, and our destruction nigh.

*Nour.* 'Tis vain to fight, and I disdain to flee.

I'll mock the Triumphs which our Foes intend;

And, spite of Fortune, make a glorious end.

In poisonous Draughts my Liberty I'll find

And from the nauseous World let free my Mind.

*At the other end of the Stage, Enter Aureng-Zebe, Dianet, and Attendants.* *Aureng-Zebe turns back, and speaks, entering.*

*Mor.* The Lives of all, who cease from Combat, spare;

My Brother's be your most peculiar Care:

*Mel.*

*Our*



Our impious use no longer shall obtain;  
Brothers, no more, by Brothers, shall be slain.

[Seeing Indamora and Morat.

Ha! do I Dream? is this my hop'd Success?

I grow a Statue, stiff, and motionless.

Look, *Dianet*; for I dare not trust these Eyes;

They Dance in Mists, and dazle with surprize.

*Dia.* Sir, 'tis *Moras*; Dying he seems, or dead:

And *Indamora's* Hand

*Aur.* ——— Supports his Head

[gibing.]

Thou shalt not break yet heart, nor shall she know

My inward Torments, by my outward Show;

To let her see my weakness were too base;

Dissembled Quiet sit upon my Face:

My Sorrow to my Eyes no passage find,

But let it inward sink, and drown my Mind.

Falshood shall want its Triumph: I begin

To stagger; but I'll prop my self within.

The specious Tow'r no ruine shall disclose,

Till down, at once, the mighty Fabrick goes.

*Mor.* In sign that I Die yours, reward my Love,

[To Ind,

And seal my Passport to the Bless'd above.

[Kissing her Hand.

*Ind.* Oh stay; or take me with you when you goe;

There's nothing now worth living for below.

*Mor.* I leave you not; for my expanded Mind

Grows up to Heav'n, while it to you is joy'd:

Not quitting, but enlarg'd! A blazing Fire,

Fed from the Brand.

[Dies.

*Mel.* Ah me! he's gone! I Die!

[Swoons.

*Ind.* ——— Oh dismal day!

Fate, thou hast ravish'd my last hope away.

O Heav'n! my *Aureng-Zebe* —

{ She turns, and sees *Aureng-Zebe*

——— What strange surprize!

{ standing by her, and starts.

Or does my willing Mind delude my Eyes,

And shows the Figure always present there?

Or liv'st thou? am I Bless'd, and see thee here?

*Aur.* My Brother's Body see convey'd with care,

{ Turning from her.

Where we may Royal Sepulture prepare.

{ to his Attendant's

With speed to *Melėsinda* bring relief;

Recal her Spirits, and moderate her Grief. —

[Half turning to Ind.

I go, to take for ever from your view

Both the lov'd Object, and the hated too.

[Going away after the Bodies, which are carried off

*Ind.* Hear me; yet think not that I beg your stay  
I will be heard, and after take your way.

{ Laying hold  
of him.



Go; but your late Repentance shall  
be vain.

I'll never, see your Face again.

*Aur.* Madam, I know whatever you can say:

You might be pleas'd not to command my stay.

All things are yet disorder'd in the Fort;

I must crave leave your Audience may be short.

*Ind.* You need not fear I shall detain you long;

Yet you may tell me your pretended wrong.

*Aur.* Is that the bus'ness, then my stay is vain.

*Ind.* How are you injur'd?

*Aur.* ——— When did I complain?

*Ind.* Leave off your forc'd Respect——

And show your Rage in its most furious form:

I'm arm'd with Innocence to brave the Storm.

You heard, perhaps, your Brother's last desire;

And after saw him in my Arms expire:

Saw me, with Tears, so great a loss bemoan:

Heard me complaining my last hopes were gone.

*Aur.* Oh stay, and take me with you when you goe.

There's nothing now worth living for below.

Unhappy Sex! whose Beauty is your snare;

Expos'd to Trials; made too frail to bear.

I grow a Fool, and show my Rage again:

'Tis Nature's fault; and why should I complain?

*Ind.* Will you yet hear me?

*Aur.* ——— Yes, till you relate

What pow'rful Motives did your change create.

You thought me dead, and prudently did weigh,

Tears were but in vain, and brought but Youths decay.

Then, in *Morat*, your hopes a Crown design'd;

And all the Woman work'd within your Mind.

I Rave again, and to my Rage return,

To be again subjected to your scorn.

*Ind.* I wait till this long storm be over-blown.

*Aur.* I'm conscious of my folly: I have done.

I cannot rail; but silently I'll grieve.

How did I trust! and how did you deceive!

Oh, *Arimant*, would I had dy'd for thee!

I dearly buy thy generositie.

*Ind.* Alas! is he then dead?

*Aur.* ——— Unknown to me.

He took my Arms; and while I forc'd my way,

Through Troops of Foes, which did our passage stay,

My Buckler o'er my aged Father cast,

Still fighting, still defending as I pass,

{ He struggles still.

{ She less him go.

[Turning away.

The noble *Arimant* usurp'd my Name ;  
 Fought, and took from me, while he gave me, Fame.  
 To *Anreng-Zebe*, he made his Soldiers cry,  
 And seeing not, where he heard danger nigh,  
 Shot, like a Star, through the benighted Sky.  
 A short, but mighty Aid : at length he fell.  
 My own Adventures, 'twere lost time to tell ;  
 Or how my Army entring in the Night,  
 Surpriz'd our Foes : the dark disorder'd Fight :  
 How my appearance, and my Father shown,  
 Made Peace ; and all the rightful Monarch own.  
 I've summ'd it briefly, since it did relate  
 Th'unwelcome safety of the Man you hate.

*Ind.* As briefly will I clear my Innocence :  
 Your alter'd Brother Dy'd in my defence.  
 Those Tears you saw, that tendernefs I show'd,  
 Were just effects of Grief and Gratitude.  
 He Dy'd my Convert.

*Aur.* — — But your Lover too :  
 I heard his Words, and did your Actions view ;  
 You seem'd to mourn another Lover dead :  
 My Sighs you gave him, and my Tears you shed.  
 But worst of all,  
 Your Gratitude for his defence was shown :  
 It prov'd you valu'd Life when I was gone.

*Ind.* Not that I valu'd Life ; but fear'd to Die :  
 Think that my weakness, not inconstancy.

*Aur.* Fear show'd you doubtteed of your own intert ;  
 And she who doubts becomes less innocent.  
 Tell me not you could fear,  
 Fear's a large promiser, who subject live  
 To that base passion, know not what they give.  
 No circumstance of Grief you did deny ;  
 And what could she give more who durst not Dye ?

*Ind.* My Love, my Faith.

*Aur.* — — Both so adult'rate grown,  
 When mix'd with fear, they never could be known.  
 I wish no ill might her I love befall ;  
 But she ne'er lov'd, who durst not venture all.  
 Her Life and Fame should my concernment be ;  
 But she should only be afraid for me.

*Ind.* My Heart was yours ; but, Oh ! you left it here,  
 Abandon'd to those Tyrants, Hope and Fear :  
 If they forc'd from me one kind Look or Wed  
 Could you not that, not that small part afford ?

*Anr.* If you had lov'd, you nothing yours could call :  
 Giving the least of mine, you gave him all.  
 True Loves a Miser, so tenacious grown :  
 He weighs to the least grain of what's his own.  
 More delicate than Honour's nicest Sence :  
 Neither to give nor take the least offence.  
 With, or without you, I can have no Rest :  
 What shall I do ! y<sup>e</sup>are lodg'd within my Breast :  
 Your Image never will be thence displac'd ;  
 But there it lies, Rabb'd, mangl'd and defac'd.

*Ind.* Yet, to restore the quiet of your heart,  
 There's one way left.

*Anr.* ——— Oh name it.

*Ind.* ——— 'Tis to part.

Since perfect Bliss with me you cannot prove,  
 I scorn to bliss by halves the Man I love.

*Anr.* Now you distract me more : shall then the day,  
 Which views my Triumphs, see our Loves decay ?  
 Must I new bars to my own joy create ?  
 Refuse, my self, what I had forc'd from Fate ?  
 What though I am not lov'd ?

Reason's nice Taste does our Delights destroy :  
 Brutes are more blest'd, who grossly feed on Joy.

*Ind.* Such endless jealousies your Love pursue,  
 I can no more be fully blest'd than you.  
 I therefore go, to free us both from pain.  
 I priz'd your Person, but your Crown disdain.  
 Nay, ev'n my own——

I give it you ; for since I cannot call  
 Your Heart my Subject, I'll not Reign at all.

*Anr.* Go : though thou leav'st me tortur'd on the Rack, [Exit.]  
 'Twixt Shame and Pride, I cannot call thee back.  
 She's guiltless, and I should submit ; but Oh !  
 When she exacts, it, can I stoop so low ?  
 Yes, ; for she's guiltless ;——but she's haughty too ;  
 Great Souls long struggle ere they own a Crime :  
 She's gone ; and leaves me no repenting time.  
 I'll call her now ; sure, if she loves, she'll stay ;  
 Linger at least, or not go far away.

[Locks to the Door, and returns.]

For ever lost, and I repent too late,  
 My foolish Pride would set my whole Estate,  
 Till, at one throw, I lost all back to Fate.

*To him the Emperor, drawing in Indamora: Attendants.*

*Emp.* It must not be, that he, by whom we live,  
 Should no advantage of his Gift receive.

Should

Should he be wholly wretched? he alone,  
 In this blest'd day, a day so much his own? [To Indamora.  
 I have not quitted yet a Victor's right :  
 I'll make you happy in your own despight.  
 I love you still; and if I struggle hard  
 To give, it shows the worth of the reward.

*Ind.* Suppose he has o'rcome; must I find place  
 Among his Conquer'd Foes, and sue for Grace?  
 Be pardon'd, and confess I lov'd not well?  
 What though none live my Innocence to tell?  
 I know it: Truth may own a gen'rous Pride:  
 I clear my self, and care for none beside.

*Aur.* Oh, *Indamora*, you would break my Heart?  
 Could you resolve, on any terms to part?  
 I thought your Love Eternal: was it tild  
 So loosely, that a Quarrel could divide?  
 I grant that my suspicions were unjust,  
 But would you leave me for a small distrust?  
 Forgive those foolish words ——— [Kneeling to her.  
 They were the froth my raging folly mov'd,  
 When it boil'd up: I knew not then I lov'd;  
 Yet then lov'd most.

*Ind.* (To *Aur.*) You would but halfe be blest! { Giving her  
*Aur.* ——— Oh do but try. { Hand, smiling.

My eager Love: I'll give my self the Lie.  
 The very hope is a full happiness;  
 Yet scantily measures what I shall possess.  
 Fancy it self, ev'n in enjoyment, is,  
 But a dumb Judge, and cannot tell its Bliss.

*Emp.* Her Eyes a secret Yielding do confess;  
 And promise to partake your happiness,  
 May all the Joys I did my self pursue,  
 Be rais'd by her, and multipl'd on you.

*A Procession of Priests, Slaves following, and last  
 Melesinda in White.*

*Ind.* Alas! what means this Pomp?

*Aur.* 'Tis the Procession of a Funeral Vow,  
 Which cruel Laws to *Indian Wives* allow,  
 When fatally their Virtue they approve;  
 Cheerful in Flames, and Martyrs of their Love.

*Ind.* Oh my fore-boding Heart! th'event I fear;  
 And see! sad *Melesinda* does appear.

*Mel.* You wrong my Love; what Grief do I betray?  
 This is the Triumph of my Nuptial day.

*My*



My better Nuptials ; which, in spight of Fate,  
For ever joyn me to my dear *Morat*.

Now I am pleas'd ; my jealousies are o'er :  
He's mine ; and I can lose him now no more.

*Emp.* Let no false show of Fame your Reason blind,

*Ind.* You have no right to die ; he was not kind.

*Mel.* Had he been kind, I could no love have shown :  
Each vulgar Virtue would as much have done.

My Love was such, it needed no return ;

But could, though he supply'd no Fuel, burn.

Rich in it self, like Elemental fire,

Whose pureness does no Aliment require.

In vain you would bereave me of my Lord ;

For I will Die : Die is too base a word ;

I'll seek his Breast, and kindling by his side,

Adorn'd with flames, I'll mount a Glorious Bride. [Exit.

*Enter Nourmahal distracted, with Zayda.*

*Zayd.* She's lost, she's lost ! but why do I complain

For her, who generously did Life disdain !

Poison'd, she raves——

Th'invenom'd Body does the Soul attack ;

Th'invenom'd Soul works its own poison back.

*Nour.* I burn, I more than burn ; I am all fire :

See how my Mouth and Nostrils flame expire.

I'll not come near my self——

Now I'm a burning Lake, it rows and flows ;

I'll rush, and pour it all upon my Foes.

Pull, pull that reverend piece of Timber near :

Throw't on——'tis dry——'twill burn——

Ha ! ha ! How my old Husband crackles there !

Keep him down, keep him down, turn him about :

I know him ; he'll but whiz, and strait go out.

Fan me, you Winds : what not one breath of Air ?

I burn 'em all, and yet have flames to spare.

Quench me : pour on whole Rivers. 'Tis in vain :

*Morat* stands there to drive 'em back again :

With those huge Bellows in his hands, he blows

New fire into my Head : My Brain-pan glows.

See, see ! there's *Aurence-Zebe* too takes his part ;

But he blows all his Fire into my Heart.

*Aur.* Alas ! What Fury's this ?

*Nour.* ——That's he, that's he !

I know the dear Men's Voice :

And this my Rival, this the curst she,

{ Starting upon him, and  
catching at him.

They

They Kifs; into each others Arms they run :  
 Close, close, close! must I see, and must have none?  
 Thou art not hers: Give me that eager Kifs.  
 Ingrateful! have I lost *Moras* for this?  
 Will you?——before my Face?——poor helpless I  
 See all; and have my Hell before I die! [*Sinks down.*]

*Emp.* With thy last Breath thou hast thy Crimes confest:  
 Farewel; and take, what thou ne'er gav'st me, rest.  
 But you, my Son, receive it better here : { *Giving him Inda's*  
 The just Rewards of Love and Honour wear. { *Mora's Hand.*  
 Receive the Mistress you so long have serv'd;  
 Receive the Crown your Loyalty preserv'd.  
 Take you the Reins, while I from Cares remove,  
 And sleep within the Chariot which I drove.

---

Epi-

---

# EPILOGUE.

**A** Pretty Task! and so I told the Fool,  
Who needs would undertake to please by Rule:  
He thought that, if his Characters were good,  
The Scenes enire, and freed from Noise and Blood;  
The Action great, yet circumscrib'd by Time,  
The Words not forc'd, but sliding into Rhime,  
The Passion's rais'd and calm'd by just Degrees,  
As Tides are swell'd, and then retire to Seas;  
He thought, in hitting these, his business done,  
Though he, perhaps, has fail'd in ev'ry one:  
But, after all, a Poet must confess,  
His Art's like Physick, but o' happy guesses.  
Your Pleasure on your Fancy must depend:  
The Lady's pleas'd, just as she likes her Friend.  
No Song! no Dance! no Show! he fears you'll say,  
You love all naked Beauties but a Play.  
He much mistakes your Methods to Delight;  
And, like the French, abhors our Target fight:  
But those damn'd Dogs can never be it's right.  
True English hate your Monsieur's Paultry Arts;  
For you are all Silk weavers, in your Hearts.  
Bold Britans, at a brave Bear garden Fray,  
Are rous'd: and clatt'ring Sticks, cry, Play, Play, Play.  
Mean time, your filthy Foreigner will stare,  
And mutter to himself, Ha gens Barbare!  
And, Gad, 'tis well he mutters; well for him;  
Our Butchers else would tear him Limb from Limb.  
'Tis true, the time may come, your Sons may be  
Infected with this French Civility;  
But this in After ages will be done:  
Our Poet writes a Hundred years too soon.  
This Age comes on too slow, or he too fast:  
And early Springs are subject to a Blast!  
Who would excel, when few can make a Test  
Between indiffer'ent Writing and the best?  
For Favours cheap and common, who wou'd strive,  
Which, like abandon'd Prostitutes, you give?  
Yet scatter'd here and there, I some behold,  
Who can discern the Tinsel from the Gold:  
To these he writes; and if by them allow'd,  
'Tis their Privilege to rule the Crowd.  
For he more fears (like a presuming Man)  
Their Votes who cannot judge, than theirs who can.

FINIS.

